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RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

EMPEROR NAPOLEON,

ON THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA:

INCLUDING THE TIME OF HIS RESIDENCE AT HER FATHER'S HOUSE, "THE BRIARS."

BY MRS. ABELL.

23158

ANTIQUE GRECIAN CAMEO RING PRESENTED BY JOSEPH BONAPARTE, EX-KING OF SPAIN, TO MRS. ABELL.

Third Edition,

REVISED AND ADDED TO BY HER DAUGHTER,

MRS. CHARLES JOHNSTONE

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PREFACE.

THE writer of the following pages trusts she will not be thought presumptuous in presenting them to the public. Thrown at a very early age into the society of Napoleon, and of those who composed his suite, she considers it an almost imperative duty to communicate any fact or impression which, though uninteresting in itself, may still be worth recording as relating to him, and as serving to elucidate his character. Could these recollections of the emperor have been published without having her name appended to them, they would long ago have appeared, but feeling that the sole merit to which they could lay claim con-

sisted in their being faithful records of him, and that if produced anonymously there would be no guarantee for their truth; being moreover desirous to shun publicity, and unequal to the task of authorship, the undertaking has been postponed from time to time, and, perhaps, would have been delayed still longer, but for the pressure of calamitous circumstances, which compels her to hesitate no more, but with all their imperfections on their head, to send these pages at once into the world.

The authoress may compare her feelings, as she launches her little vessel on the waters, to those of Shelly, when, having exhausted his whole stock of paper, he twisted a bank-note into the shape of a little boat, and then committing it to the stream, waited on the other side for its arrival with intense anxiety. Her ship-building powers, she fears, are as feeble, her materials as frail; but she has seen the little Paper

Nautilus floating with impunity and confidence on the bosom of that mighty ocean, which has engulfed many a noble vessel: accepting the augury, she intrusts her tiny bark to the waves of public opinion, not with confidence, however, but with timidity and hesitation,—yet is her solicitude not altogether unenlivened by the hope that it may reach its haven if wafted by friendly breezes and favoured by propitious skies.

The writer must crave indulgence for the frequent mention of herself during the narrative. The nature of the subject renders this unavoidable.

LUCIA ELIZABETH ABELL.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THE first edition of my mother's "Recollections of Napoleon" appeared in 1844: a second was called for in 1853, and since her death I have been repeatedly asked to publish a third edition. I have hitherto refrained from doing so because I felt that the little I could add to my mother's artless narrative would be exceedingly meagre. I hesitate no longer, being induced, by the extraordinary position of France at the present moment, when so large a majority of the educated and orderly classes of society seem to be unanimous in protesting against a republic, and yet to be infinitely at variance as to what

form of government should replace it, to believe that too much attention cannot be paid to all details relating to the Napoleon dynasty.

I confess myself to being an ardent Bonapartist, having become so most probably by birth and training, but I am fain to think that common observation and due attention to the true interests of France and England point alike to the conclusion that those interests can undoubtedly be best promoted by the succession of Napoleon IV. to the throne.

J. B. JOHNSTONE.

6, *Victoria Square, S.W.*
July, 1873.

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

CHAPTER I.

There points the Muse to stranger's eye,
The graves of those that cannot die.

A SLIGHT DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND.—ITS APPEARANCE FROM THE SEA.—CONSTERNATION AT ITS THREATENING ASPECT.—SINGULAR POSITION OF ST. JAMES TOWN.—THE BRIARS.

My object in the following Memoir is to confine myself, as far as possible, to what concerns Napoleon personally. Having, however, many reminiscences, unconnected with him, of the happy days of my childhood, and feeling that they might be interesting to the public, *especially* to those who visited

the island during the emperor's captivity there, I venture to insert them. My father had just obtained the post of Navy Agent, in which capacity it was his duty to act as purveyor to Bonaparte. He had been compelled to retire from the navy, after serving in the battle of the Nile, in consequence of an affair elsewhere alluded to, in which his unreasoning and hot-headed temper (accompanied by genuine goodness of heart) had involved him.

Perhaps the following letter, which preceded his appointment to the post which he was fortunate enough to secure, may interest some of my readers.

"House of Lords, August 5th, 1815.

"DEAR BALCOMBE,

"Napoleon is about to proceed to your island so quickly, that there seems some doubt whether the dispatch will reach Plymouth in time to catch the Northumberland. Since yesterday,

Beatson has forwarded me, with a very strong letter indeed, recommending you to Sir George Cockburn, as Naval Agent. This letter goes in this cover to him, and I sincerely hope it will answer the purpose intended.

"It appears that Ministers will not pledge themselves to purchase any particular spot, but that all is to be left to the choice of the two commanders, as to what place is best adapted to confine Napoleon comfortably but severely. Beatson thinks that, when this inspection has taken place, they will fix upon the Briars. In this case, act as I have suggested to you in my letter, No. 1 (now missing). Birnie joins me in every sentiment contained in it, and I am quite satisfied you cannot procure two persons who have your interest more at heart than the writer of this and B. I hear this morning that the China ships may be expected every hour, in which case I trust I may

have a letter, which I will reply to, if possible, by the Northumberland. I do not recollect that there is anything more of any importance to suggest; but I cannot conclude without expressing my great satisfaction at your having maintained so good a character, for it is character that has assisted you, and not the interference of your sincere friend,

"T. TYRWHITT."

A slight description of the localities connected with Napoleon will not, I trust, be considered uninteresting to my readers, and I may, perhaps, commence this slight memoir most properly, by a few remarks upon the general aspect of St. Helena, and of the impression conveyed by it, on first approaching its shores.

The appearance of St. Helena, on viewing it from the sea, is different from that of any land I ever saw, and

is certainly but little calculated to make one fall in love with it at first sight. The rock, rising abruptly from the ocean, with its oblong shape and perpendicular sides, suggests to one's mind more the idea of a huge dark-coloured ark lying at anchor, floating on the bosom of the Atlantic, than of a land intended for the habitation and support of living beings; nor on a nearer acquaintance, does its character become more amiable. If a stranger approach it during the night, the effect on coming on deck in the morning is most peculiar, and at first, almost alarming. From the great depth of water, ships are able to run very close in to the land; and the eye, long accustomed to the expanse of sea and atmosphere, is suddenly startled by coming almost, as it seems, in contact with the dark threatening rock towering hundreds of feet into the air, far above the masts of the tallest vessel.

I was quite a child at the time of my first visit, and my terrors were increased by being told that the giant-snouted crag, which bore some resemblance to the head of a negro, would, when the breakfast bell struck, devour me first, and afterwards the rest of the passengers and crew. I rushed instantly below, and hiding my face on my mother's lap, tremblingly announced our fate. It was not without much difficulty that she succeeded in soothing my terrors, by assurances of safety and protection. But I did not venture from under her wing until the dreaded "eight bells" had sounded, and the appearance of breakfast announced better things in store for us. I was told that even the mighty heart of Napoleon sank within him, when he first surveyed his future home; and as the Northumberland glided to her anchorage, revealing the galleries of the batteries on either side, bristling

with cannon, and frowning heavily upon him, the despairing inscription which the beautiful language of his infancy had rendered familiar to him, seemed to have been inscribed on the gloomy rock:—

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate."

On rounding Munden's battery, James Town breaks upon the view. It is singular and striking, and quite in harmony with the rest of the peculiar scenery of St. Helena. The houses are all built at the bottom of a wide ravine, which looks as if it had been caused by some great convulsion of nature, or as if the rock, tired of its solitary life and isolated situation in the midst of the Atlantic, had given a great yawn, and had then been unable to close its mouth again. The buildings are confined entirely to the bottom of this cleft or chasm, as its sides are too precipitous to allow of houses being

built on them. The position of the town renders it sufficiently hot in summer. The cool sea-breeze, so delicious in all tropical climates, is almost excluded by the situation of the valley, as the inhabitants call James Town, and for nine months in the year the heat is almost unendurable.

I would here insert a brief extract from a letter written by the Marquis de Montchenu, H.G.M.'s Minister at St. Helena, to his friend, M. Prieur, Chevalier de Saint Louis, Directeur of the Port at Angoulême :—

"July 22nd, 1816.

"You can have no idea of this island. All you have heard or read of it paints it as a paradise compared to the reality.

"The interior is even more hideous than the coast. You see nothing but tall rugged mountains, bare of all vegetation, ranging from 50 to 1,500 toises; and only one table land, on which Bona-

parte resides. Here and there you find a single belated tree; nothing but potatoes will grow, and those only in small quantities. There is but one town, which has some sixty houses: not a single village; cottages which their owners dignify by the name of country houses, of which about one in ten is habitable; roads good, but always on the brink of an awful precipice. No paths at all. Such, my dear fellow, is the home of your friend, who does not even know the language of the country, and would be but little better off if he did. If you are at all sorry for me, be sorry too that you are not with me. We want for everything, and everything costs an exorbitant price. To explain this, I may say that everything has to come from either the Cape of Good Hope (600 miles off) or England itself. The coal for cooking comes from England, for the wood grown here is not sufficient to heat the houses.

Some oxen have just come from the Cape; of the twenty-five which were embarked, eleven died on the way. A small sheep costs from five to six louis; the toughest of fowls, ten to fifteen francs, according to size. Bread (the cheapest thing here), twenty-two sous a pound. Shoes, eighteen to twenty francs the pair.

"And now I have enumerated our misfortunes, I will tell you of our great man, his situation, and the precautions taken with him.

"The garrison numbers some 2500, with more than 500 pieces of artillery, and twenty mortars. The fort is the Lieutenant-Governor's residence; it is called Longwood, and occupies the only level ground there is. The plain is surrounded on every side by horrible precipices, and can only be approached by one road. The 53rd Regiment and a park battery of artillery occupy the plain, and all the outposts are strongly

guarded. Bonaparte and his suite may ride about the whole space enclosed, but he must be accompanied by a mounted officer in uniform, who is not allowed to move a step from him, who is always in the house with him, and who knows everything he does. The rest of his suite are accompanied by a subaltern, and the servants by a non-commissioned officer.

"Reports are made to the Governor once an hour by means of the telegraphs, which are all over the island, so that in one moment he knows what is going on, and can in two be out on horseback, and in case of emergency the whole island could be under arms in five minutes.

"Such are the precautions on land; at sea they are somewhat different.

"At least two frigates are always at anchor, and two brigs cruise round the island night and day. From six p.m. to six a.m. gun-boats sail along

by the rocks which fringe the shore, and keep a close look-out in the evening—that is to say, after six all gigs belonging to vessels or private persons must be on shore; if one be out, it can be fired upon. After nine, no one who has not the countersign dare stir out without risk of being fired upon or arrested.

"No foreign vessel may touch here; they are signalled at once, and a reward of a dollar is given to the person who spies one, which can be done sixty miles off. Vessels cannot come in at night, for the coast is terribly dangerous, and the breakers so powerful that vessels are sometimes obliged to tack for days. You see, my friend, escape is an actual impossibility, for even if the Governor favoured an escape, the Admiral's consent is also necessary. Even if in spite of all these precautions the Admiral were to allow two or three sloops to enter some fine evening, they

would be exposed to a hot fire: and what then?

"Every road is guarded; the rocks are almost impracticable: there is not a single spot where ten men unarmed could not keep off a thousand well-armed, merely with the stones which abound.

"A few days since, reconnoitring with the Governor, I fancied that a landing-place defended by 36 guns and a strong picquet could be still more strongly fortified—one of the flank batteries being placed somewhat high. I discovered a spot where the rock could be easily levelled so as to admit other guns, which would sweep the whole edge of the sea. They are at work on it now.

"Nothing occurs without my being informed of it, so you may reassure your good neighbours of Angoulême: I can promise that you won't see HIM again whilst I am here.

"At night every one must be at home, and must not stir out. The house is surrounded by sentries, who have orders to fire at once. This order will certainly be executed at once, and has been already in one instance.

"I trust, nevertheless, that I shall not die here, unless of hunger and weariness, in which case my sojourn here will certainly count for the same number of years in purgatory. My friend, what a hope of salvation you have neglected!

* * * * *

"Bonaparte is not at all amusing; he is always ill-humoured, teases every one who comes near him, will be treated like an emperor, and behaves like one to everybody.

"Copy my letter and circulate it: it will reassure cowards, and caution plotters.

"Pardon faults of style. I have no

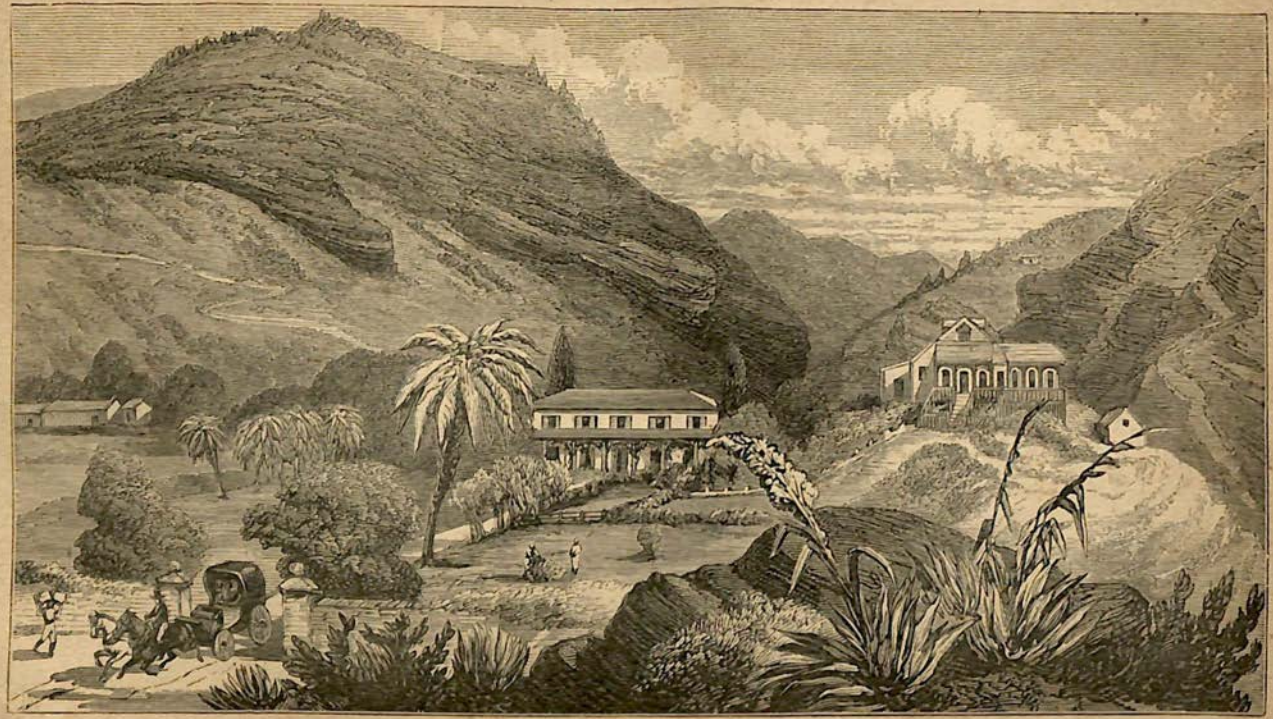
time for corrections, as a vessel is on the eve of sailing for Europe."

We were fortunate enough to reside out of town, my father possessing a beautiful little cottage called the Briars, about a mile and a quarter from the valley, a spot meriting a slight description, both from its intrinsic beauty and from having been the residence of Napoleon during the first three months of his exile in St. Helena.

The way to the Briars winds out of the town by roads cut in the side of the mountain. I cannot say I saw much of this road or the surrounding scenery on my first journey to our distant abode; I was on that occasion put into a basket, and carried on a negro's head, who trudged away with me very merrily, singing some joyous air. Occasionally he put me down to rest, and, grinning from ear to ear, asked me if I felt comfortable in my little nest. I was rather frightened, as this was the

first time I had seen a black man; but I soon reconciled myself to him, and we became great friends. He told me he generally carried vegetables into the valley, and appeared highly honoured and proud that a living burden should have been confided to his care. I was soon deposited in safety at the door of the Briars, and bade adieu to my sable bearer, who went away quite delighted with some little present my father gave him for making himself so amiable to me.

Our cottage, as will be seen by the accompanying drawing, was built in the style of the bungalows in India; it was very low, the rooms being chiefly on one floor, and, had it not been for its situation, would not have been thought so pretty; but surrounded, as this verdant spot was, by barren mountains, it looked a perfect little paradise—an Eden blooming in the midst of desolation. A beautiful avenue of banyan



THE BRIARS.

To face p. 16.

trees led up to it, and either side was flanked by evergreen and gigantic lacos, interspersed with pomegranate and myrtle, and a profusion of large white roses, much resembling our sweet-briar, from which, indeed, the place derived its name. A walk, shaded by pomegranate trees, thirty or forty feet in height, conducted to the garden.

I must plead the same excuse for devoting a few lines to the garden that I have to the cottage, for it was lovely in itself, and the favourite retreat of the emperor during his sojourn with us. It would require the pen of a Scott, or the pencil of a Claude, to do anything like justice to its beauty. I often wander in my dreams through its myrtle groves, and the orange trees, with their bright green leaves, delicious blossoms, and golden fruit, seem again before me, as they were in my blessed days of childhood. Every

description of tropical fruit flourished here luxuriantly; various species of vine, citron, orange, fig, shadoc, guava, mango—all in endless profusion.

The produce of this garden alone, which the family could not consume, brought annually from £500 to £600. Nature, as if jealous of the beauty of this enchanting spot, had surrounded it on every side with impenetrable barriers. On the east, to speak geographically, it was bounded by a precipice, so steep as to render all approach impracticable. The dark frowning mountain, called Peak Hill, rendered it inaccessible from the south; to the westward it was protected by a cataract, in itself a most picturesque and striking object. I forget its height, but its roar was very imposing to me, and the volume of water must have been considerable. In that hot climate it was a delightful next-door neighbour; in the most sultry day one could hardly feel the

heat oppressive, when gazing on its cool and sparkling waters. On the side nearest the cottage the defences of the garden were completed by an aloe and prickly pear hedge, through which no living thing could penetrate. The garden at the Briars, like the bright dreams and hopes of my own early youth, is now withered and destroyed: it was sold to the East India Company, by whom it was dug up and planted with mulberry trees, which speedily became "food for worms," if I may be guilty of a conceit on—to me—a melancholy subject. I believe the intended speculation proved unsuccessful.

CHAPTER II.

Nay, then farewell!
I've touched the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

ALARM FROM LADDER HILL.—SHIP IN SIGHT.—NEWS OF THE EXPECTED ARRIVAL OF NAPOLEON.—OUR DISBELIEF OF THE REPORT, AND MY CHILDISH FEARS.—THE ARRIVAL OF SIR GEORGE COCKBURN, ON BOARD THE NORTHUMBERLAND, WITH HIS ILLUSTRIOUS PRISONER NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—THE EMPEROR'S LANDING, AND ANNOYANCE AT BEING STARED AT.

WE had been living for years in this romantic and secluded glen, when our little isle was suddenly "*frighted from its propriety*" by hearing that Napoleon Bonaparte was to be confined as a prisoner of state. It was in October, 1815, that this news first burst upon us.

To face p. 20.

"This Sketch of Napoleon was made on board the 'Northumberland' Man-of-War, on her voyage to St. Helena, by Mr. Commissary Ibbetson, who gave it to me in that

We heard one morning an alarm gun fired from Ladder Hill, which was the signal that a vessel was in sight, off the island. The same evening two naval officers arrived at the Briars, one of whom was announced as Captain D., commanding the Icarus man-of-war. He requested to see my father, having intelligence of importance to communicate to him. On being conducted to him, he informed him that Napoleon Bonaparte was on board the Northumberland, under the command of Admiral Sir George Cockburn, and within a few days' sail of the island. The news of his escape from Elba, and the subsequent eventful campaign had, of course, not reached us, and I remember well how amazed and incredulous they all seemed to be at the information. Captain D. was obliged more than once to assure them of the correctness of his statement. My own feeling at the intelligence was excessive terror, and an

undefined conviction that something awful would happen to us all; though of what nature I hardly knew. I glanced eagerly at my father, and, seeing his countenance calm, I became more composed, but still I listened to every word of Captain D.'s detail as if my fate depended on what he was telling us. The earliest idea I had of Napoleon was that of a huge ogre or giant, with one large flaming red eye in the middle of his forehead, and long teeth protruding from his mouth, with which he tore to pieces and devoured naughty little girls, especially those who did not know their lessons. I had rather grown out of this first opinion of Napoleon; but, if less childish, my terror of him was still hardly diminished. The name of Bonaparte was still associated in my mind with everything that was bad and horrible. I had heard the most atrocious crimes imputed to him; and if I had learned to consider him as a

human being, yet I still believed him to be the worst that had ever existed. Nor was I singular in these feelings: they were participated in by many persons much older and wiser than myself; I might say, perhaps, by a majority of the English nation. Most of the newspapers of the day described him as a demon; and all those of his own country who lived in England were of course his bitter enemies; and from these two sources alone we formed our opinion of him. It was not, therefore, without uneasiness that I saw my father depart, a day or two afterwards, to go on board the vessel which had just cast anchor in the bay. The fleet consisted of the Northumberland, commanded by Sir George Cockburn, to whose care Napoleon had been confided; the Havannah, Captain Hamilton, and several other men-of-war, together with transports containing the 53rd regiment. We remained many hours in

great anxiety; at last my father returned from his visit in safety, and we rushed out to question him as to what had occurred.

"Well, papa, have you seen him?" we exclaimed, for we thought of no one but Napoleon. He told us he had not seen the emperor, but had paid his respects to Sir George Cockburn, and had been introduced to Madame Bertrand, Madame Montholon, and the rest of Napoleon's suite. He added that General Bonaparte would land in the evening, and was to remain for the present at the house of Mr. Porteus, until Longwood, which was intended for his ultimate residence, should be ready for him. We were so eager to see the illustrious exile, that we determined to go in the evening to the valley to witness his disembarkation. It was nearly dark when we arrived at the landing-place, and shortly after, a boat from the Northumberland ap-

proached, and we saw a figure step from it on the shore, which we were told was the emperor, but it was too dark to distinguish his features. He walked up the lines between the Admiral and General Bertrand, and, enveloped as he was in his surtout, I could see little, but the occasional gleam of a diamond star, which he wore on his heart. The whole population of St. Helena had crowded to behold him, and one could hardly have believed that it contained so many inhabitants. The pressure became so great, that it was with difficulty way could be made for him, and sentries were at last ordered to stand with fixed bayonets at the entrance from the lines to the town, to prevent the multitude from pouring in. Napoleon was excessively provoked at the eagerness of the crowd to get a peep at him, more particularly as he was received in silence though with respect. I heard him

afterwards say how much he had been annoyed at being followed and stared at "comme un bête feroçe."

We returned to the Briars that night to talk and dream of Napoleon.

CHAPTER III.

Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind, for sight, smell, taste.
MILTON.

Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm ;
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable,—Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only,—and of delicious taste.—MILTON.

VIEW OF THE CAVALCADE GOING AND RETURNING FROM LONGWOOD, THE DAY AFTER NAPOLEON'S LANDING AT ST. HELENA.—THE EMPEROR'S ADMIRATION OF THE BRIARS.—TAKES UP HIS RESIDENCE AMONGST US.—DESCRIPTION OF HIS MANNER, PERSON, ETC.—QUESTIONS ME IN GEOGRAPHY.—HIS OPINION OF ENGLISH MUSIC.

THE next morning, we observed a large cavalcade moving along the path which wound round the mountain, at the base of which our dear little cottage was lying, almost hidden in its nest of

leaves. The effect of the party was very picturesque. It consisted of five horsemen; and we watched them with great interest, as, following the windings of the road, they now gleamed in the sun's rays, and were thrown into brilliant relief by the dark background behind, and then disappearing, we gazed earnestly until, from some turn in the road, they flashed again upon us. Sometimes we only saw a single white plume, or the glitter of a weapon in the sun. To my already excited fancy, it suggested the idea of an enormous serpent with burnished scales, occasionally showing himself as he crawled to our little abode.

We were still doubtful whether Napoleon was of the party. We had already learnt to look for the grey surtout and small cocked hat; but no figure in that dress could be distinguished, though our spy-glass was in anxious requisition. Every one thought

he would be best able to discover him. At last, one of the party exclaimed, "I see a figure with a small cocked hat, but no great coat;" and then we were at last certain that it was the emperor. We concluded he was on his way to Longwood, to look at his future residence.

About two o'clock on that day Mr. O'Meara and Dr. Warden called on us, and were overwhelmed with all kinds of questions about Bonaparte, his manner, appearance, &c., &c. They described him as most agreeable and pleasing, and assured us we should be delighted with him. But all their fair words were thrown away upon me; I could think of him only with fear and trembling. When leaving us, they again repeated that our opinion of Napoleon would entirely change when we had once seen and conversed with him.

At four o'clock in the evening the same horsemen whom we had seen in

the morning again appeared, on their return from Longwood. As soon as they reached the head of the narrow pass which led down to the Briars, they halted, and after apparently a short deliberation, with terror I saw them begin to descend the mountain and approach our cottage. I recollect feeling so dreadfully frightened, that I wished to run and hide myself until they were gone; but mamma desired me to stay, and to remember and speak French as well as I could. I had learned that language during a visit my father had paid to England some years before, and as we had a French servant, I had not lost what I had then acquired.

The party arrived at the gate, and there being no carriage-road, they all dismounted, excepting the emperor, who was now fully visible. He retained his seat and rode up the avenue, his horse's feet cutting up the turf on our pretty lawn. Sir George Cockburn

walked on one side of his horse, and General Bertrand on the other. How vividly I recollect my feelings of dread mingled with admiration, as I now first looked upon him whom I had learned to fear so much. His appearance on horseback was noble and imposing. The animal he rode was a superb one; his colour jet black; and as he proudly stepped up the avenue, arching his neck and champing his bit, I thought he looked worthy to be the bearer of him who was once the ruler of nearly the whole European world!

Napoleon's position on horseback, by adding height to his figure, supplied all that was wanting to make me think him the most majestic person I had ever seen. His dress was green, and covered with orders, and his saddle and housings were of crimson velvet richly embroidered with gold. He alighted at our house, and we all moved to the entrance to receive him.

Sir George Cockburn introduced us to him.

He was deadly pale, and I thought his features, though cold and immovable, and somewhat stern, were exceedingly beautiful. He seated himself on one of our cottage chairs, and after scanning our little apartment with his eagle glance, he complimented mamma on the pretty situation of the Briars. When once he began to speak, his fascinating smile and kind manner removed every vestige of the fear with which I had hitherto regarded him.

While he was talking to mamma, I had an opportunity of scrutinizing his features, which I did with the keenest interest; and certainly I have never seen any one with so remarkable and striking a physiognomy. The portraits of him give a good general idea of his features; but his smile, and the expression of his eye, could not be transmitted to canvas, and these constituted Na-

poleon's chief charm. His hair was dark brown, and as fine and silky as a child's, rather too much so indeed for a man, as its very softness caused it to look thin. His teeth were even, but rather dark, and I afterwards found that this arose from his constant habit of eating liquorice, of which he always kept a supply in his waistcoat pocket.

The emperor appeared much pleased with the Briars, and expressed a wish to remain there. My father had offered Sir George Cockburn apartments at the cottage, and he immediately assured us of his willingness to resign them to General Bonaparte, as the situation appeared to please him so much; and it was arranged, much apparently to Napoleon's satisfaction, that he should be our guest until his residence at Longwood was fit to receive him.

Our family, at the time of the emperor's arrival, consisted of my father, my mother, my elder sister, my-

self, and my two brothers, who were quite children. Napoleon determined on not going down to the town again, and wished his rooms to be got ready for him immediately. Some chairs were then brought out, at his request, upon the lawn, and, seating himself on one, he desired me to take another, which I did with a beating heart. He then said, "You speak French?" I replied that I did, and he asked me who had taught me. I informed him, and he put several questions to me about my studies, and more particularly concerning geography. He inquired the capitals of the different countries of Europe. "What is the capital of France?" "Paris." "Of Italy?" "Rome." "Of Russia?" "Petersburg now," I replied; "Moscow formerly." On my saying this, he turned abruptly round, and, fixing his piercing eyes full in my face, he demanded sternly, "Qui l'a brulé?" When I

saw the expression of his eye, and heard his changed voice, all my former terror of him returned, and I was unable to utter a syllable.

I had often heard the burning of Moscow talked of, and had been present at discussions as to whether the French or Russians were the authors of that dreadful conflagration, I therefore feared to offend him by alluding to it. He repeated the question, and I stammered, "I do not know, sir." "Oui, oui," he replied, laughing violently: "Vous savez très bien, ç'est moi qui l'a brulé." On seeing him laugh, I gained a little courage, and said, "I believe, sir, the Russians burned it to get rid of the French." He again laughed, and seemed pleased to find that I knew anything about the matter.

The arrangements made for him were necessarily most hurried; and while we were endeavouring to complete them in the way we thought most likely to

contribute to his comfort, he amused himself by walking about the grounds and garden.

In the evening he came into the house; and as my father and mother spoke French with difficulty, that language being then much less studied in England than it is at present, he addressed himself again to me, and asked me whether I liked music, adding, "You are too young to play yourself." I felt rather piqued at this, and told him I could both sing and play. He then asked me to sing, and I sang, as well as I could, the Scotch song, "Ye banks and braes." When I finished he said it was the prettiest English air he had ever heard. I replied it was a Scottish ballad, not English; and he remarked, he thought it too pretty to be English: "their music is vile—the worst in the world." He then inquired if I knew any French songs, and among others, "Vive Henri Quatre," Grétry's

favourite air. I said I did not. He began to hum the air, became abstracted, and, leaving his seat, marched round the room, keeping time to the song he was singing. When he had done, he asked me what I thought of it; and I told him I did not like it at all, for I could not make out the air. In fact, Napoleon's voice was most unmusical, nor do I think he had any ear for music; for neither on this occasion, nor in any of his subsequent attempts at singing, could I ever discover what tune it was he was executing. He was, nevertheless, a good judge of music, if any Englishwoman may say so, after his sweeping denunciation of our claims to that science, probably from having constantly listened to the best performers. He expressed a great dislike to French music, which, he said, was almost as bad as the English, and that the Italians were the only people who could produce an opera.

A lady, a friend of ours, who frequently visited us at the Briars, was extremely fond of Italian singing, which "she loved, indeed, not wisely, but too well," for her own attempts in the bravura style were the most absurd burlesque imaginable. Napoleon, however, constantly asked her to sing, and even listened with great politeness; but when she was gone, he often desired me to imitate her singing, which I did as nearly as I could, and it seemed to amuse him. He used to shut his eyes and pretend he thought it was Mrs.——, "our departed friend," and then pay me gravely the same compliments he would have done to her.

The emperor retired for the night, shortly after my little attempt to amuse him, and thus terminated his first day at the Briars.

CHAPTER IV.

The spicy myrtle, with unwithering leaf,
Shines there and flourishes, the golden boast
Of Portugal and Western India. There
The ruddier orange and the paler lime
Peep through their polished foliage.

COWPER.

NAPOLEON'S HABITS DURING HIS STAY AT THE BRIARS.—MISS LEGG, HER TERROR OF THE EMPEROR.—NAPOLEON ATTACKED BY A COW.—THE ROOM OCCUPIED BY HIM.—HIS SIMPLE MODE OF LIVING.—CARICATURE OF A FRENCHMAN.—MY INDIGNATION AT BEING QUIZZED ABOUT COUNT LAS CASES' SON.

It is not in my power to give a detailed account of the events of each day the emperor spent with us. I shall never cease regretting that I did not keep a journal of all that occurred, but I was too young and too thoughtless to see the advantage of doing so; besides,

I trusted to a memory naturally most retentive, thinking it would enable me at any time to recall the minutest incident concerning Napoleon. In this I have deceived myself. My life has been a chequered and a melancholy one, and many of its incidents have been of a nature to absorb the mind and abstract the attention from everything but the consideration of present misery. This, continued for a length of time, has erased things from my recollection which I thought I never could have forgotten, but of which I now retain nothing but the consciousness that they took place, and the regret that I am unable to record them.

Many of the circumstances I am about to relate, however, I did write down shortly after they occurred, and the others have been kept fresh in my memory by being repeated to friends; so that the reader of my little volume may depend on the absolute truth and

fidelity of my narrative, a consideration, indeed, to which I have thought it right to sacrifice many others. I do not, then, profess to give a journal of what Napoleon *daily* said and did at the Briars; but the occurrences related I have inserted as nearly as possible in the order in which they took place.

The emperor's habits, during the time he stayed with us, were very simple and regular. His usual hour for getting up was eight, and he seldom took anything but a cup of coffee until one, when he breakfasted, or rather lunched; he dined at nine, and retired about eleven to his own rooms. His manner was so unaffectedly kind and amiable, that in a few days I felt perfectly at ease in his society, and looked upon him more as a companion of my own age, than as the mighty warrior at whose name "the world grew pale." His spirits were very good, and he was

at times almost boyish in his love of mirth and glee, not unmixed sometimes with a tinge of malice.

Shortly after his arrival, a little girl, Miss Legg, the daughter of a friend, came to visit us at the Briars. The poor child had heard such terrific stories of Bonaparte, that when I told her he was coming up the lawn, she clung to me in an agony of terror. Forgetting my own former fears, I was cruel enough to run out and tell Napoleon of the child's fright, begging him to come into the house. He walked up to her, and, brushing up his hair with his hand, shook his head, making horrible faces, and giving a sort of savage howl. The little girl screamed so violently, that mamma was afraid she would go into hysterics, and took her out of the room. Napoleon laughed a good deal at the idea of his being such a bugbear, and would hardly believe me when I told him that

I had stood in the same dismay of him. When I made this confession, he tried to frighten me as he had poor little Miss Legg, by brushing up his hair, and distorting his features; but he looked more grotesque than horrible, and I only laughed at him. He then (as a last resource) tried the howl, but was equally unsuccessful, and seemed, I thought, a little provoked that he could not frighten me. He said the howl was Cossack, and it certainly was barbarous enough for anything.

He took a good deal of exercise at this period, and was fond of taking exploring walks in the valley and adjacent mountain. One evening he strolled out, accompanied by General Gourgaud, my sister, and myself, into a meadow in which some cows were grazing. One of these, the moment she saw our party, put her head down and (I believe) her tail up, and advanced *à pas de charge* against the

emperor. He made a skilful and rapid retreat, and leaping nimbly over a wall, placed this rampart between himself and the enemy. But General Gourgaud valiantly stood his ground, and drawing his sword, threw himself between his sovereign and the cow, exclaiming, "This is the second time I have saved the emperor's life." Napoleon laughed heartily when he heard the general's boast, and said, "He ought to have put himself in the position to repel cavalry." I told him the cow appeared tranquillized, and stopped the moment he disappeared, and he continued to laugh, and said, "She wished to save the English government the expense and trouble of keeping him."

The emperor, during his residence under my father's roof, occupied only one room and a marquee; the room was one my father had built for a ball-room. There was a small lawn in

front, railed round, and in this railing the marquee was pitched, connected with the house by a covered way. The marquee was divided into two compartments, the inner one forming Napoleon's bed-room, and at one extremity of the external compartment there was a small tent bed, with green silk hangings, on which General Gourgaud slept. It was the bedstead used by the emperor in all his campaigns. Between the two divisions of the tent was a crown, which his devoted servants had carved out of the turf floor, and it was so placed that the emperor could not pass through without placing his foot on this emblem of royal dignity.

Napoleon seemed to have no *penchant* for the pleasures of the table. He lived very simply, and cared little or nothing about what he ate. He dined at nine, and at that hour Cipriani, the *maître d'hôtel*, made his ap-

pearance, and with a profound reverence said, in a solemn tone, "Le dîner de votre Majesté est servi." He then retreated backwards, followed by Napoleon and those of his suite who were to dine with him. When he had finished, he would abruptly push away his chair from the table, and quit the dining-room, apparently glad it was over.

A few days after his arrival, he invited my sister and myself to dine with him, and began quizzing the English for their fondness for *rosbif* and plum pudding. I accused the French, in return, of living on frogs; and, running into the house, I brought him a caricature of a long, lean Frenchman, with his mouth open, his tongue out, and a frog on the tip of it, ready to jump down his throat: underneath was written, "A Frenchman's dinner!" He laughed at my impertinence, and pinched my ear, as he often did when

he was amused, and sometimes when a little provoked at my "*espièglerie*."

"Le petit Las Cases," as he called Count Las Cases' son, formed one of the party on that day. He was then a lad of fourteen, and the emperor was fond of quizzing me about him, and telling me I should be his wife. Nothing enraged me so much; I could not bear to be considered such a child, and particularly at that moment, for there was a ball in prospect, to which I had great hopes papa would allow me to go, and I knew that his objection would be founded on my being too young. Napoleon, seeing my annoyance, desired young Las Cases to kiss me, and he held both my hands whilst the little page saluted me. I did all in my power to escape, but in vain. The moment, however, that my hands were at liberty, I boxed le petit Las Cases' ears most thoroughly. But I determined to be revenged on Napoleon, and

in descending to the cottage to play whist, an opportunity presented itself which I did not allow to escape. There was no internal communication between the part occupied by the emperor and the rest of the house, and the path leading down was very steep and very narrow. There being barely room for one person to pass at a time, Napoleon walked first, Las Cases next, then his son, and, lastly, my sister Jane. I allowed the party to proceed very quietly until I was left about ten yards behind; and then I ran with all my force on my sister Jane,—she fell with extended hands on the little page, he was thrown upon his father, and the grand chamberlain, to his dismay, was pushed against the emperor, who, although the shock was somewhat diminished by the time it reached him, had still some difficulty, from the steepness of the path, in preserving his footing. I was in ecstasies at the

confusion I had created, and exulted in the revenge I had taken for the kiss; but I was soon obliged to change my note of triumph. Las Cases was thunderstruck at the insult offered to the emperor, and became perfectly furious at my uncontrollable laughter. He seized me by the shoulders, and pushed me violently on the rocky bank. It was now my turn to be enraged. I burst into tears of passion, and turning to Napoleon, cried out, "Oh! sir, he has hurt me." "Never mind," replied the emperor, "ne pleure pas—I will hold him while you punish him." And a good punishing he got. I boxed the little man's ears until he begged for mercy; but I would show him none; and at length Napoleon let him go, telling him to run, and that if he could not run faster than I, he deserved to be beaten again. He immediately started off as fast as he could, and I after him, Napoleon clapping his hands and laugh-

ing immoderately at our race round the lawn. Las Cases never liked me after this adventure, and used to call me a rude hoyden.

CHAPTER V.

O that those lips had language ! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine. Thy own sweet smile I see.

COWPER.

NAPOLEON'S CONDESCENSION IN ENTERING INTO AND PROMOTING THE AMUSEMENTS OF CHILDREN.—HIS BEAUTIFUL HAND.—ANECDOTE OF THE SWORD.—MINIATURES OF THE KING OF ROME AND OTHER BRANCHES OF THE EMPEROR'S FAMILY.—THE GAME OF WHIST.—THE BALL DRESS.

I NEVER met with any one who bore childish liberties so well as Napoleon. He seemed to enter into every sort of mirth or fun with the glee of a child; and though I have often tried his patience severely, I never knew him lose his temper or fall back upon his rank or age, to shield himself from the consequences of his own familiarity, or

of his indulgence to me. I looked upon him, indeed, when with him, almost as a brother or companion of my own age; and all the cautions I received, and my own resolutions to treat him with more respect and formality, were put to flight the moment I came within the influence of his arch smile and laugh. If I approached him more gravely than usual, and with a more sedate step and subdued tone, he would, perhaps, begin by saying, "Eh bien, qu'as tu, Mademoiselle Betsee? Has le petit Las Cases proved inconstant? If he have,—bring him to me;" or some other playful speech, which either pleased or teased me, and made me at once forget all my previous determinations to behave prettily.

My brothers were at this time quite children, and Napoleon used to allow them to sit on his knee and amuse themselves by playing with his orders. More than once he has desired me

to cut them off to please them. One day Alexander took up a pack of cards, on which was the usual figure of the Great Mogul. The child held it up to Napoleon, saying, "See, Bony, this is you." He did not understand what my brother meant by calling him Bony. I explained that it was an abbreviation—the short for Bonaparte; but Las Cases interpreted the word literally, and said it meant a bony person. Napoleon laughed and said, "Je ne suis pas osseux," which he certainly never could have been, even in his thinnest days. His hand was the fattest and prettiest in the world; his knuckles dimpled like those of a baby, his fingers taper and beautifully formed, and his nails perfect. I have often admired its symmetry, and once told him it did not look large and strong enough to wield a sword. This led to the subject of swords; and one of the emperor's suite, who was present,

drew his sabre from the scabbard, and pointing to some stains on the blade, said that it was the blood of Englishmen. The emperor desired him to sheath it, telling him it was bad taste to boast, particularly before ladies.

Napoleon then produced from a richly embossed case the most magnificent sword I ever beheld. The sheath was composed of an entire piece of most splendidly marked tortoise-shell, thickly studded with golden bees. The handle, not unlike a fleur-de-lis in shape, was of exquisitely wrought gold. It was indeed the most costly and elegant weapon I had ever seen. I requested Napoleon to allow me to examine it more closely; and then a circumstance which had occurred in the morning, in which I had been much piqued at the emperor's conduct, flashed across me. The temptation was irresistible, and I determined to punish him for what he had done. I drew the blade out quickly

from the scabbard, and began to flourish it over his head, making passes at him, the emperor retreating, until at last I fairly pinned him up in the corner; I kept telling him all the time that he had better say his prayers, for I was going to kill him. My exulting cries at last brought my sister to Napoleon's assistance. She scolded me violently, and said she would inform my father if I did not instantly desist; but I only laughed at her, and maintained my post, keeping the emperor at bay until my arm dropped from sheer exhaustion. I can fancy I see the figure of the grand chamberlain now, with his spare form and parchment visage, glowing with fear for the emperor's safety, and indignation at the insult I was offering him. He looked as if he could have annihilated me on the spot, but he had felt the weight of my hand before on his ears, and prudence dictated to him to let me alone.

When I resigned my sword, Napoleon took hold of my ear, which had been bored only the day before, and pinched it, giving me great pain. I called out, and he then took hold of my nose, which he pulled heartily, but quite in fun; his good humour never left him during the whole scene.

The following was the circumstance which had excited my ire in the morning. My father was very strict in enforcing our doing a French translation every day, and Napoleon would often condescend to look over them and correct their faults. One morning I felt more than usually averse to performing this task, and when Napoleon arrived at the cottage, and asked whether the translation was ready for him, I had not even begun it. When he saw this, he took up the paper and walked down the lawn with it to my father, who was preparing to mount his horse to ride to the valley, exclaiming as he approached,

"Balcombe, voilà le thême de Mademoiselle Betsee. Qu'elle a bien travaillé;" holding up at the same time the blank sheet of paper. My father comprehended imperfectly, but saw by the sheet of paper, and my name being mentioned by the laughing emperor, that he wished me to be scolded, and entering into the plot, he pretended to be very angry, and threatened if I did not finish my translation before he returned to dinner, I should be severely punished. He then rode off, and Napoleon left me, laughing at my sullen and mortified air, and it was the recollection of this which made me try and frighten him with the sword.

The emperor in the course of the evening desired a quantity of bijouterie to be brought down to amuse us, and amongst other things the miniatures of the young king of Rome. He seemed gratified and delighted when we expressed our admiration of them. He

possessed a great many portraits of young Napoleon. One of them represented him sleeping in his cradle, which was in the form of a helmet of Mars; the banner of France waved over his head, and his tiny right hand supported a small globe. I asked the meaning of these emblems, and Napoleon said he was to be a great warrior, and the globe in his hand signified that he was to rule the world. Another miniature on a snuff-box, represented the little fellow on his knees before a crucifix, his hands clasped and his eyes raised to heaven. Underneath were these words: "Je prie le bon Dieu pour mon père, ma mère, et ma patrie." It was an exquisite thing. Another portrayed him with two lambs, on one of which he was riding, while the other he was decking out with ribbons. The emperor told us these lambs were presented to his son by the inhabitants of Paris. An unwarlike emblem, and per-

haps intended as a delicate hint to the emperor to make him a more peaceable citizen than his papa. The Pascal lamb, however, is, I believe, the badge on the colours of a distinguished English regiment, and perhaps may be intended to remind the soldier that gentleness and mercy are not inconsistent with the fiercer and more lionlike attributes of his profession. We next saw another drawing, in which the empress Maria Louisa and her son were represented, surrounded by a sort of halo of roses and clouds, which I did not admire quite so much as some of the others. Napoleon then said he was going to show us the portrait of the most beautiful woman in the world, and produced an exquisite miniature of his sister Pauline. Certainly I never saw anything so perfectly lovely. I could not keep my eyes from it, and told him how enchanted I was with it. He seemed pleased with

my praises, and said it was a proof of taste, for she was perhaps one of the most lovely women that ever existed.

The emperor usually played cards every evening, and when we were tired of looking at the miniatures, &c., he said, "Now we will go to the cottage and play whist." We all walked down together. Our little whist table was soon formed, but the cards did not run smoothly, and Napoleon desired Las Cases to seat himself at a side table, and deal them until they dealt easily. While the grand chamberlain was thus employed, Napoleon asked me what my *robe de bal* was to be. I must mention that on my father's refusal to allow me to go to the ball, which was to be given by Sir George Cockburn, I had implored the emperor's intercession for me. He most kindly asked my father to let me go, and his request, of course, was instantly acceded to. I now ran upstairs to bring my dress

down to him. It was the first ball dress I had ever possessed, and I was not a little proud of it. He said it was very pretty; and the cards being now ready, I placed it on the sofa, and sat down to play. Napoleon and my sister were partners, and Las Cases fell to my lot. We had always hitherto played for sugar-plums, but to-night Napoleon said, "Mademoiselle Betsee, I will bet you a Napoleon on the game." I had had a pagoda presented to me, which made up the sum of all my worldly riches, and I said I would bet him that against his Napoleon. The emperor agreed to this, and we commenced playing. He seemed determined to terminate this day of *espièglerie* as he had begun it. Peeping under his cards as they were dealt to him, he endeavoured, whenever he got an important one, to draw off my attention, and then slily held it up for my sister to see. I soon discovered this, and, calling him

to order, told him he was cheating, and that if he continued to do so I would not play. At last he revoked intentionally, and at the end of the game tried to mix the cards together to prevent his being discovered; but I started up, and, seizing hold of his hands, I pointed out to him and the others what he had done. He laughed until the tears ran out of his eyes, and declared he had played fair, but that I had cheated, and should pay him the pagoda; and when I persisted that he had revoked, he said I was *méchante* and a cheat; and catching up my ball dress from off the sofa, he ran out of the room with it, and up into the pavilion, leaving me in terror lest he should crush and spoil all my pretty roses. I instantly set off in chase of him; but he was too quick, and, darting through the marquee, he reached the inner room and locked himself in. I then commenced a series of the most pathetic remonstrances and

entreaties, both in English and French, to persuade him to restore me my frock, but in vain; he was inexorable, and I had the mortification of hearing him laugh at what I thought the most touching of my appeals. I was obliged to return without it. He afterwards sent down word he intended to keep it, and that I might make up my mind not to go to the ball. I lay awake half the night, and at last cried myself to sleep, hoping he would relent in the morning; but the next day wore away, and I saw no signs of my pretty frock. I sent several entreaties in the course of the day, but the answer was that the emperor slept, and could not be disturbed. He had given these orders to tease me. At last the hour arrived for our departure for the valley. The horses were brought round, and I saw the little black boys ready to start with our tin cases, without, alas! my beautiful dress being in them. I was

in despair, and hesitated whether I should not go in my plain frock, rather than not go at all, when, to my great joy, I saw the emperor running down the lawn to the gate with my dress. "Here, Miss Betsee, I have brought your dress; I hope you are a good girl now, and that you will like the ball; and mind that you dance with Gourgaud." General Gourgaud was not very handsome, and I had some childish feud with him. I was all delight at getting back my dress, and still more pleased to find my roses were not spoiled. He said he had ordered them to be arranged and pulled out, in case any might have been crushed the night before. Napoleon walked by the side of our horses until he came to the end of the bridle-road which led to the Briars. He then stopped and remarked on the beauty of a house which was situated in the valley beneath us, asking to whom it belonged, and expressing

his intention of going down to see it. Las Cases accompanied the emperor down the side of the mountain, and we went on to the ball. He mentioned the next day how charmed he had been with the place, and that he had ridden home on a beautiful little Arab pony, belonging to the owner, Major Hodgson.

CHAPTER VI.

From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,
My cries echoed loud through the air;
There was fury and wrath on his tongue,
He was deaf to the voice of despair.

THE SLAVE.

THE EMPEROR'S FAVOURITE RETREAT IN THE BRIARS' GARDEN.—THE MALAY SLAVE.—NAPOLEON'S GENERAL INFORMATION AND VERSATILITY OF CONVERSATION.—CONSTERNATION OF CAPTAIN POPPLETON AT THE SUPPOSED ESCAPE OF HIS PRISONER, ON HIS FIRST RIDING EXCURSION AFTER NAPOLEON LEFT THE BRIARS.

THE only exception to the emperor's habits of regularity when with us was in his hour of rising. In the midst of our garden was a very large pond of transparent water, full of gold and silver fish; and near this was the grapery, formed of trellis-work, quite covered with vines of every description. At the end of the grapery was an arbour,

round and over which a treillage of grapes clustered in the richest profusion. To this spot, which was so sheltered as to be cool in the most sultry weather, Napoleon was much attached. He would sometimes convey his papers there as early as four o'clock in the morning, and employ himself until breakfast time in writing; and, when tired of his pen, in dictating to Las Cases. No one was ever permitted to intrude upon him when there, and this little attention was ever after gratefully remembered.

From this prohibition, however, I was exempt, at the emperor's own desire. I was considered a privileged person. Even when he was in the act of dictating a sentence to Las Cases he would come and answer my call, "Come and unlock the garden door," and I was always admitted and welcomed with a smile. I did not abuse this indulgence, and seldom intruded

on him when in his retreat. I remember, however, one day, a very pretty young lady came from the valley to pass the morning with us. She was dying to see Napoleon; but the heat was very oppressive, and he had retired to his arbour to avoid it. I hesitated for some time between the fear of disturbing him and disappointing my friend; but at last Miss C. appeared so mortified at not seeing him, that I ran down to the garden and knocked at the door. For a long while I received no answer; but at length, by dint of thumping and calling to the emperor, I succeeded in waking him. He had fallen asleep in the arbour over his papers. He came up to the door, and asked me what I wanted. I said, "Let me in, and you shall know." He replied, "No; tell me first what it is, and then you shall come in." I was then obliged to say I wished to introduce a young lady to him. He declined

seeing her, and desired me to say he was unwell. I told him she would be dreadfully disappointed, and that she was so pretty. "Not like the lady I was obliged to say agreeable things to yesterday?" he rejoined. I assured him she was quite a different person, being very young and handsome. At last I succeeded in getting the door opened. As soon as I found it unlocked, I ran up to the table where he had been writing and snatched up his papers. "Now," I said, "for your ill-nature in keeping me so long at the door, I shall keep these, and then I shall find out all your secrets." He looked a little alarmed when he saw the papers in my hand, and told me to put them down instantly; but I refused, and set off round the garden, flourishing my trophies. At last he told me if I did not give them up he would not be my friend, and I relinquished them. I then took hold of the emperor's hand,

for fear he should escape, and led him to the house, where we found Miss C. I introduced her to Napoleon, and he delighted her excessively by his compliments on her beauty, &c. When she was going away, he walked down the lawn with her, and lifted her on to her horse. He told me, after she was gone, that she was a very pretty girl, but had rather the air of a *marchande de modes*.

The golden fruit in this modern garden of Hesperides had for its dragon an old Malay slave, named Toby, who had been captured and brought to the island as a slave many years before, and had never since crossed its boundary. He was an original, and rather an interesting, character. A perfect despot in his own domain, he never allowed his authority to be disputed; and the family stood almost as much in awe of him as they did of the master of the Briars himself. Napoleon took a fancy to old Toby, and told papa he wished to

purchase him, and give him his freedom; but for some political reason it was not permitted. The old man retained ever afterwards the most grateful sense of Napoleon's kindness, and was never more highly gratified than when employed in gathering the choicest fruit, and arranging the most beautiful bouquets, to be sent to Longwood, to "that good man, Bony," as he called the emperor. Napoleon made a point of inquiring, whenever I saw him, after the health of old Toby, and when he took his leave of him he presented him with twenty Napoleons.

The emperor was very accessible while at the Briars; and knowing how much it would delight us, he seemed to wish to return any little attentions we were able to offer him by courtesy and kindness to our friends. My father, one day during his residence with us, invited a large party, and the emperor said he would join us in the evening.

He performed his promise, and delighted every one with his urbanity and condescension. When any of our guests were presented to him, he usually inquired his profession, and then turned the conversation upon some topic connected with it. I have often heard wonder expressed at the extent of Napoleon's information, on matters of which he would hardly have been expected to know much. On this occasion a very clever medical man, after a long conversation with the emperor on the subject of his profession, declared his astonishment to my father at the knowledge he possessed, and the clearness and brilliancy with which he reasoned on it, though his theories were sometimes rather heterodox. Napoleon told him he had no faith whatever in medicine, and that his own remedies were starvation and the warm bath. At the same time he professed a higher opinion of the medical, or rather surgi-

cal, profession than of any other. The practice of the law, he said, was too severe an ordeal for poor human nature, adding that he who habituates himself to the distortion of the truth, and to exultation at the success of injustice, will at last hardly know right from wrong; so it is, he remarked, with politics, a man must have a conventional conscience. Of the Church also (*les ecclesiastiques*) he spoke harshly, saying that too much was expected from its members, and that they became hypocrites in consequence. As to soldiers, they were cutthroats and robbers, and not the less so because they were ready to send a bullet through your head if you told them your opinion of them. But surgeons, he said, are neither too good nor too bad. Their mission is to benefit mankind, not to destroy, mystify, or inflame them against each other; and they have opportunities of studying human nature as well as of

acquiring science. The emperor spoke in high terms of Larrey, who, he said, was a man of genius and of unimpeachable integrity.*

On the emperor's first arrival in St. Helena, he was fond of taking exploring walks in the valley just below our cottage. In these short walks he was unattended by the officer on guard, and he had thus the pleasure of feeling himself free from observation. The officer first appointed to exercise surveillance over him when at Longwood was a Captain Poppleton, of the 53rd regiment. It was his duty to attend him in his rides, and the orders given on these occasions were, "that he was not to lose sight of Napoleon." The latter was one day riding with Generals Bertrand, Montholon, Gourgaud, and the rest of his suite, along one of the mountainous bridle-paths at St. Helena,

* The above conversation is from a note of my father's.

with the orderly officer in attendance. Suddenly the emperor turned short round to his left, and spurring his horse violently, urged him up the face of the precipice, making the large stones fly from under him down the mountain, and leaving the orderly officer aghast, gazing at him in terror for his safety and doubt as to his intentions. Although equally well mounted, none of his generals dared to follow him. Either Captain Poppleton could not depend on his horse, or his horse was unequal to the task of following Napoleon, so, giving it up at once, he rode instantly off to Sir George Cockburn, who happened at the time to be dining with my father at the Briars. He arrived breathless at our house, and, setting all ceremony aside, demanded to see Sir George, on business of the utmost importance. He was ushered at once into the dining-room. The admiral was in the act of discus-

sing soup, and listened with an imperturbable countenance to the agitated detail of the occurrence, with Captain Poppleton's startling exclamation of "Oh, sir, I have lost the emperor!" He very quietly advised him to return to Longwood, where he would most probably find General Bonaparte. This, as he prognosticated, was the case, and Napoleon often afterwards laughed at the consternation he had created. On Captain Poppleton's arrival at Longwood he found the emperor seated at dinner, and was unmercifully quizzed by him for the want of nerve he displayed in not daring to ride after him.

The emperor's vanity was flattered at having still the power to create fear, though a captive in such a prison as the impregnable island of St. Helena. I have mentioned being struck with Napoleon's seat on horseback on first seeing him. He one day asked me whether I thought he rode well. I told

him, and with the greatest truth, that I thought he looked better on horseback than any one I had ever seen. He appeared pleased, and, calling for his horse, he mounted and rode several times at speed round the lawn, making the animal wheel in a very narrow circle, and showing the most complete mastery over him.

One day Achambaud, his groom, was breaking in a beautiful young Arab, which had been bought for the emperor's riding. The colt was plunging and rearing in the most frightful manner, and could not be induced to pass a white cloth which had been purposely spread on the lawn to break him from shying. I told Napoleon that it was impossible that he could ever ride that horse, it was so vicious. He smiled, and, beckoning to Achambaud, desired him to dismount; and then, to my great terror, he himself got on the animal, and soon succeeded in making

him not only pass the cloth but put his feet upon it; and then rode him over and over it several times. Achambaud, as it seemed to me, hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. He was delighted with the emperor's prowess, but mortified at his managing a horse so easily which he had been trying in vain to subdue. Napoleon mentioned that he had once ridden a favourite grey charger one hundred and twenty miles in one day. It was to see his mother, who was dangerously ill, and there was no other means of reaching her. The poor animal died in the course of the night. He said that his own power of standing fatigue was immense, and that he could almost live in the saddle. I am afraid to say how many hours he told me he had once remained on horseback, but I remember being much surprised at his powers of endurance. His great strength of constitution was probably

more instrumental than one would imagine, at first view, in enabling him to reach the pinnacle of his ambition. The state of the mind is so dependent on the corporeal frame, that it is difficult to see how the kind of mental power which is necessary to success in war, or political turmoil, can exist without a corresponding strength of body, or at least of constitution. In how many critical periods of Napoleon's life would not the illness of a week have been fatal to his future schemes of empire! How might the sternness of purpose by which he subjugated his daring compeers of the revolution have been shaken, and his giant ambition thwarted, by a trivial sickness! The mind of even a Napoleon might have been prostrated, and his mighty will enfeebled, by a few days' fever. The successful leader of a revolution ought, especially, to be exempt from the evils to which flesh is heir; his very absence

from the arena for a few days is enough to ruin him; depreciating reports are spread, the prestige vanishes, and he is pushed from his stool by some more vigorous and more fortunate competitor.

CHAPTER VII.

Good humour there, and gay good-will,
And each still pleased in pleasing still.—NEELE.

But first he flew, I forgot to say,
That he hovered a moment upon his way
To look upon Leipsic plain.—BYRON.

THE SEVRES CHINA.—NAPOLEON DISPLAYING AND EXPLAINING ITS DEVICES.—HIS GOOD NATURE IN FORWARDING THE AMUSEMENTS OF CHILDREN.—THE MICE.—BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

THE emperor possessed a splendid set of china, of the Sèvres manufacture, which had been executed at an enormous cost, and presented to him by the city of Paris. The service was now unpacking, and he sent for us to see it. It was painted by the first artists in Paris, and was most lovely.

Each plate cost twenty-five Napoleons. The subjects all bore reference to his campaigns, or to some period of his early life. Many of them were battle pieces, in which the most striking incidents were portrayed with the utmost spirit and fidelity; others were landscapes, representing scenery connected with his victories and triumphs. One, I remember, made a great impression on me; it was a drawing of Napoleon on the bridge of Arcola—a slim youth, standing almost alone, with none near but the dead and dying who had fallen around him, cheering on his more distant comrades to the assault. The emperor seemed pleased at my admiring it, and putting his hand to his side, exclaimed, laughing, "I was rather more slender than I am now." The battle of Leipsic was one of the subjects depicted on the china. Napoleon's figure was happily done, and an admirable likeness; but one feels rather

surprised at the selection of such a subject for a complimentary present. I believe the battle of Leipsic is considered to have been one of the most disastrous defeats on record; but probably the good citizens of Paris were not so well aware of this at the time the china was presented to him as they now are. His campaign in Egypt furnished subjects for some of the illustrations. The ibis was introduced in several of these Egyptian scenes; and happening to have heard that that bird was worshipped by the Egyptians, I asked him if it were not so. He smiled, and entered into a long narration of some of his adventures with the army in Egypt, advising me never to go there, as I should catch the opthalmia and spoil my eyes. I had also heard that he professed Mahometanism when there, and I had been prompted by some one to catechise him on the subject. I at once came out

with the question in my Anglo-French, "Pourquoi avez vous tourné Turque?" He did not at first understand me, and I was obliged to explain that "tourné Turque" meant changing his religion. He laughed and said, "What is that to you? Fighting is a soldier's religion. I never changed that. The other is the affair of women and priests; quant à moi, I always adopt the religion of the country I am in." At a later period some Italian ecclesiastics arrived at St. Helena and were attached to Napoleon's suite.

Amongst the emperor's domestics at the Briars was a very droll character, his lamp-lighter, a sort of Leporello—a little fellow, most ingenious in making toys and other amusing mechanical contrivances. Napoleon would often send for the scaramouch to amuse my brothers, who were infinitely delighted with his tricks and buffooneries. Sometimes he constructed balloons,

which were inflated and sent up amidst the acclamations of the whole party. One day he contrived to harness four mice to a small carriage; but the poor little animals were so terrified, that he could not get them to move, and, after many ineffectual attempts, my brothers entreated the emperor to interfere. Napoleon told them to pinch the tails of the two leaders, and when they started the others would follow. This he did, and immediately the whole four scampered off, to our great amusement, Napoleon enjoying the fun as much as any of us, and delighted with the extravagant glee of my two brothers. I had often entreated the emperor to give a ball (before he left the Briars for Longwood) in the large room occupied by him, and which had been built by my father for that purpose. He had promised me faithfully he would, but when I pressed him urgently for the fulfilment of his word, he only laughed

at me, telling me he wondered I could be so silly as to think such a thing possible. But I never ceased reproaching him for his breach of faith, and teased him so, that at last, to escape my importunities, he said that, as the ball was out of the question, he would consent, by way of *amende honorable*, to anything I chose to demand to console me for my disappointment.

"Dites moi—Que veux-tu que je fasse, Mademoiselle Betsee, pour te consoler?" I replied instantly, if you will play the game of blindman's buff, that you have so often promised me, I will forgive you the ball, and never ask for it again. Not knowing at that time the French term* for blindman's buff, I had explained before to the emperor the nature of the operation to be gone through. He laughed at my choice, and tried to persuade me to

* Colin-maillard.

choose something else, but I was inexorable; and seeing his fate inevitable, he resigned himself to it with a good grace, proposing we should begin at once. My sister and myself, and the son of General Bertrand, and some others of the emperor's suite, formed the party. Napoleon said we should draw lots who should be blindfolded first, and he would distribute the tickets. Some slips of paper were prepared, on one of which was written the fatal word "la mort," and the rest were blanks. Whether accidentally, or by Napoleon's contrivance, I know not, but I was the first victim, and the emperor, taking a cambric handkerchief out of his pocket, tied it tightly over my eyes, asking me if I could see. "I cannot see you," I replied; but a faint gleam of light did certainly escape through one corner, making my darkness a little less visible. Napoleon then taking his hat, waved it suddenly

before my eyes, and the shadow and wind it made startling me, I drew back my head. "Ah, leetle monkee," he exclaimed in English, "you can see pretty well." He then proceeded to tie another handkerchief over the first, which completely excluded every ray of light. I was then placed in the middle of the room, and the game began. The emperor commenced by creeping steathily up to me, and giving my nose a very sharp twinge; I knew it was he, both from the act itself and from his footstep. I darted forward, and very nearly succeeded in catching him; but bounding actively away, he eluded my grasp. I then groped about, and, advancing again, he this time took hold of my ear and pulled it. I stretched out my hands instantly, and in the exultation of the movement screamed out, "I have got you, I have got you; now you shall be blindfolded!" but to my mortification it proved to be my

sister, under cover of whom Napoleon had advanced, stretching his hand over her head. We then recommenced, the emperor saying that, as I had named the wrong person, I must continue blindfolded. He teased and quizzed me about my mistake, and bantered me in every possible way, eluding at the same time, with the greatest dexterity, all my endeavours to catch him. At last, when the fun was growing "fast and furious," and the uproar was at its height, it was announced that some one desired an audience of the emperor, and, to my great annoyance, as I had set my heart on catching him and insisting on his being blindfolded, our game came to a conclusion.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune;
That would give more, but that her hand lacks means.

SHAKESPEARE.

Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.

OUR FIRST DINNER WITH THE EMPEROR.—THE CREAMS.—NEW YEAR'S DAY; PRESENT FROM THE EMPEROR.—GENERAL GOURGAUD'S SKETCH OF MISS ——.—NAPOLEON'S OPINION OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.—ACCOUNT OF COUNT PIOUTKOWSKI.—THE EMPEROR'S IDEAS OF ENGLISHMEN'S DEVOTION TO WINE, AND BADINAGE IN ACCUSING MY COUNTRYWOMEN OF THE SAME PROPENSITY.

THE emperor having returned from seeing his visitor, and his dinner hour approaching, he invited us to dine with him. We told him we had already dined. "Then come and see me eat," he added; and when his dinner was announced by Cipriani, we accom-

panied him to his marquee. When at table, he desired Navarre to bring in some creams for me. I declined them, as I had dined, but I had, unfortunately, told him once before that I was very fond of creams; and though I begged in vain to be excused, repeating a thousand times that I had dined and could eat no more, he pressed and insisted so strongly, that I was at last obliged to comply, and with some difficulty managed to eat half a cream. But although I was satisfied, Napoleon was not; and when I left off eating, he commenced feeding me like a baby, calling me his little bambina, and laughing violently at my woeful countenance. At last I could bear it no longer, and scampered out of the tent, the emperor calling after me, "Stop, Miss Betsee, do stay and eat another cream; you know you told me you liked them." The next day he sent in a quantity of *bon-bons* by Marchand,

with some creams, desiring his compliments to Mademoiselle Betsee, and intimating that the *creams* were for her.

The emperor possessed among his suite the most accomplished *confiseur* in the world. M. Piron daily supplied his table with the most elaborate, and really sometimes the most elegant, designs in *pâtisserie*—spun sugar, and triumphal arches, and amber palaces glittering with prismatic tints, that looked as if they had been built for the queen of the fairies, after her Majesty's own designs. Napoleon often sent us in some of the prettiest of these architectural delicacies; and I shall always continue to think the *bon-bons* from the atelier of Monsieur Piron more exquisite than anything I ever tasted. But I suppose I must grant, with a sigh, that early youth threw its *couleur de rose* tints over Piron's *bon-bons*, as well as over the more intellectual joys of that happy period.

The emperor sometimes added sugared words, to make these sweet things sweeter.

On New Year's Day a deputation, consisting of the son of General Bertrand, Henri, and Tristram, Madame Montholon's little boy, arrived with a selection of *bon-bons* for us, and Napoleon observed that he had sent his Cupidons to the Graces. The *bon-bons* were placed in crystal baskets, covered with white satin napkins, on Sèvres plates. The plates I kept till lately, when I presented them to Lady Burdett, who had shown my mother and myself many very kind attentions; and they were some of the last presents I possessed of Napoleon's many little gifts to me, with the exception of a tortoise-shell snuff-box, with his portrait by Farrut, a silver pocket fruit-knife, and a lock of his hair, which I still retain, and which might be mistaken for the hair of an infant, from

its extreme softness and silkiness. Napoleon delighted in sending these little presents to ladies, and was generally courteous and attentive in his demeanour towards them. He always gave me the impression of being fond of ladies' society; and, as Mr. O'Meara remarks, when alluding to my sister and myself, dining one day with him, "his conversation was the perfection of *causerie*, and very entertaining." He was, perhaps, rather too fond of using direct compliments, but this was very pardonable in one of his rank and country. He remarked once that he had heard a great deal of the beauty and elegance of the Governor's daughter, and asked me who I thought the most beautiful woman in the island. I told him I thought Madame Bertrand superior, beyond all comparison, to any one I had ever before seen. My father had been greatly struck with her majestic appearance on board the North-

umberland, and I always thought every one else sank into insignificance when she appeared; and yet her features were not regular, and she had no strict pretensions to beauty, but the expression of her face was very intellectual, and her bearing queenlike and dignified.

Napoleon asked me if I did not consider Madame Montholon pretty. I said, "No." He then desired Marchand to bring down a snuff-box, on the lid of which was a miniature of Madame Montholon. It certainly was like her, and very beautiful. He told me it was what she had been when young. He then recurred to Miss ——, and said Gourgaud spoke in raptures of her, and had sketched her portrait from memory. He produced the drawing, and wished to know if I thought it a good likeness. I told him that she was infinitely more lovely, and that it bore no trace of resemblance to her. I

mentioned also that she was very clever and amiable. Napoleon said I was very enthusiastic in her favour, and had made him quite long to see her.

Mesdames Montholon and Bertrand, and the rest of his suite, often came to see him at the Briars, and remained there during the day. It was quite delightful to witness the deference and respect with which he was treated by them all. To them he was still "le grand empereur"; his every look was watched, and each wish anticipated, as if he had still been on the throne of Charlemagne.

On one of these occasions Madame Bertrand produced a miniature of the Empress Josephine, which she showed to Napoleon. He gazed at it with the greatest emotion for a considerable time without speaking. At last he exclaimed it was the most perfect likeness he had ever seen of her, and told Madame Bertrand he would keep it,

which he did, until his death. He has often looked at my mother for a length of time, very earnestly, and then apologized, saying that she reminded him so much of Josephine. Her memory appeared to be idolized by him, and he was never weary of dwelling on her sweetness of disposition and the grace of her movements. He said she was the most truly feminine woman he had ever known. In speaking of the empress, he used to describe her as very subject to nervous affections when in the least degree indisposed or anxious; he often said she was the most amiable, elegant, charming, and affable woman in the world; and in the language of his native isle, asserted, "Era la dama la piu graziosa di Francia." She was the goddess of the toilet—all fashions originated with her; everything she appeared in seemed elegant; and, moreover, she was so humane, and was the *best* of women. Still, with all the

veneration he felt for her, he could not bear that it should be supposed she exercised the sway over his public actions attributed to her, and observed, "Although the Bourbons and English allow that I did some *good*, yet they generally qualify it by saying it was chiefly through the instrumentality of Josephine; when the fact was, that she never interfered with politics." In alluding to his divorce, he observed, nothing would have induced him to listen to such a measure but political motives; no other reason could have persuaded him to separate himself from a wife whom he so tenderly loved. But he thanked God she had died in time to prevent her witnessing his last misfortune. She was the greatest patroness of the fine arts that had been known in France for a series of years; she had frequently little disputes with Denon, and even with himself, when she wanted to procure fine statues and

pictures for her own gallery instead of the Museum. "But though I loved to attend to her whims, yet I always acted first to please the nation; and whenever I obtained a fine statue or valuable picture, I sent it there for the people's benefit. Josephine was grace personified; everything she did was marked with it. She never acted inelegantly during the whole time we lived together. Her toilet was perfection, and she resisted the inroads of time, to all appearance, by the exquisite taste of her *parure*."

Napoleon afterwards spoke of the Empress Marie Louise with great kindness and affection. He said she would have followed him to St. Helena if she had been allowed, and that she was an amiable creature and a very good wife. He possessed several portraits of her. They were not very attractive, and were seen to disadvantage when contrasted, as they generally were, with

his own handsome and intellectual looking family.

The emperor retired early this evening. He had been in low spirits since receiving his visitor, and after the portraits of the empress Josephine and Marie Louise had been produced, he appeared absorbed in mournful reflection, and was still more melancholy and dejected for the rest of the evening.

His visitor proved to be a Count Pioutkowski, a Polish officer, who had formerly held a commission in "la grande armée," and had landed in the morning, having with great difficulty obtained permission to follow his master into exile, "to share with him the vulture and the rock." He called at the Briars, and requested an audience, information having been sent to the emperor of his arrival. A long interview took place between them, which apparently excited painful reminiscences in the mind of the exile.

I asked him afterwards about his visitor; he seemed to have little personal recollection of him, but appeared gratified by his devotion, and observed he had proved himself a faithful servant by following him into exile.

The emperor's English, of which he sometimes spoke a few words, was the oddest in the world. He had formed an exaggerated idea of the quantity of wine drunk by English gentlemen, and used always to ask me, after we had had a party, how many bottles of wine my father drank, and then laughing, and counting on his fingers, generally made the number five. One day, to annoy me, he said that my countrywomen drank gin and brandy; and then added, in English, "You laike veree mosh dreenk, Meess, sometimes brandee, geen." Though I could not help laughing at his way of saying this, I felt most indignant at the accusation, and assured him that the ladies of Eng-

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land had the utmost horror of drinking spirits, and that they were even fastidious in the refinement of their ideas and in their general habits. He seemed amused at my earnestness, and quoted the instance of a Mrs. B——y, who had, in fact, paid him a visit once in a state of intoxication. It was singular, indeed, that one of the few English ladies he had ever been presented to should have been addicted to this habit. At last he confessed, laughing, that he had made the accusation only to tease me. When I was going away, he repeated, "You like dreenk, Meess Betsee; dreenk! dreenk!"

CHAPTER IX.

If I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go! get thee gone, I say!—SHAKESPEARE.

THE RAGE OF THE EMPEROR ON BEING TOLD HE WAS TO LEAVE THE BRIARS FOR LONGWOOD.—HIS HORROR OF THE SMELL OF PAINT.—OUR SORROW AT HIS DEPARTURE.—HIS PRESENT TO MY MOTHER AND MYSELF.—OUR IMPRESSION OF HIS CHARACTER, ETC.

As the time drew near for Napoleon's removal from the Briars to Longwood, he would come into the drawing-room oftener, and stay longer. He would, he said, have preferred altogether remaining at the Briars, because he beguiled the hours with us better than he ever thought it possible he could

have done on such a horrible rock as St. Helena.

A day or two before his departure, General Bertrand came to the Briars and informed Napoleon that Longwood smelt so strongly of paint, that it was unfit to go into. I shall *never* forget the fury of the emperor. He walked up and down the lawn, gesticulating in the wildest manner. His rage was so great that it almost choked him. He declared that the smell of paint was so obnoxious to him, that he would never inhabit a house where it existed; and that if the grand marshal's report were true, he should send down to the admiral, and refuse to enter Longwood. He ordered Las Cases to set off early the next morning to examine the house and report if the information of General Bertrand was correct. At this time I went out to him on the lawn, and inquired the cause of his being in *such a rage*. The instant I joined him he

changed his manner, and in a calm tone mentioned the reason of his annoyance. I was perfectly amazed at the power of control he evinced over his temper. In one moment, from the most awful state of fury, he subdued his irritability, and his manner became calm, gentle, and composed. Las Cases set off at daylight the next morning, and returned before twelve o'clock. He informed the emperor that the smell of paint was so slight as to be scarcely perceptible, and that a few hours would remove it altogether. The grand marshal was sharply reprimanded, so I afterwards learned, for making an exaggerated report. It was arranged that he should leave the Briars two days afterwards for Longwood, which was now quite ready for him.

On the appointed morning, which to me was a most melancholy one, Sir George Cockburn, accompanied by the emperor's suite, came to the Briars, to

escort him to his new abode. I was crying bitterly, and he came up and said, "You must not cry, Mademoiselle Betsee; you must come and see me next week, and very often." I told him that depended on my father. He turned to him and said, "Balcombe, you must bring Missee Jane and Betsee to see me next week, eh? When will you ride up to Longwood?" My father promised he would, and kept his word. He asked where mamma was, and I said she desired her kind regards to the emperor, and regretted not being able to see him before his departure, as she was ill in bed. "I will go and see her," and upstairs he darted before we had time to tell my mother of his approach. He seated himself on the bed, and expressed his regret at hearing she was unwell. He was warm in his acknowledgments of her attentions to him, and said he would have preferred staying altogether at the Briars, if they

would have permitted him. He then presented my mother with a gold snuff-box, and begged she would give it to my father as a mark of his friendship. He gave me a beautiful little bonbonnière, which I had often admired, and said, "You can give it as a *gage d'amour* to le petit Las Cases." I burst into tears and ran out of the room. I stationed myself at a window from which I could see his departure, but my heart was too full to look on him as he left us; and, throwing myself on the bed, I cried bitterly for a long time.

When my father returned, we asked him how the emperor liked his new residence. He said that he appeared out of spirits, and, retiring to his dressing-room, had shut himself up for the remainder of the day.

From the circumstance that my father was the emperor's purveyor, we had a general order to visit Longwood,

and we seldom allowed a week to pass without seeing him. On these occasions we generally arrived in time to breakfast with him at one, and returned in the evening. He was more subject to depression of spirits than when at the Briars, but still gleams of his former playfulness shone out at times. On one occasion we found him firing at a mark with pistols. He put one into my hand, loaded, I believe, with powder, and, in great trepidation, I fired it off; he often called me afterwards "La petite tirailleure," and said he would form a corps of sharp-shooters, of which I should be the captain. He then went into the house, and he took me into the billiard-room, a table having been just set up at Longwood. I remember thinking it too childish for men, and very like marbles on a larger scale. The emperor condescended to teach me how to play; but I made very little progress, and amused myself with

trying to hit his imperial fingers with the ball instead of making cannons and hazards.

Napoleon's health and activity began to decline soon after his arrival at Longwood. In consequence of the unfortunate disputes with the governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, his health became visibly impaired. He was unable, consequently, to enjoy that buoyancy of spirit which had probably been the chief cause of his allowing me to be so often in his society, and of his distinguishing me with so much regard. But he never failed to treat me with the greatest tenderness and kindness.

Some months after his departure I was attacked with an alarming illness. Mr. O'Meara attended me, and at one time despaired of my recovery. The emperor's kindness in making inquiries after me, and his other attentions, I can never forget. He ordered his con-

fiseur, when I became convalescent, to supply me daily from his own table with every delicacy, to tempt my appetite and restore my strength.

CHAPTER X.

While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion.—MILTON.

Here I, and sorrow sit,
Here is my throne.—SHAKSPEARE.

OUR FIRST VISIT TO NAPOLEON AT LONGWOOD.—DESCRIPTION OF IT.—HIS PLEASURE AT SEEING US.—ANECDOTE OF THE MARQUIS DE M——.—NAPOLEON'S ANIMATED ACCOUNT OF SIR W. D.'S HOSPITALITY AND THE BEAUTY OF "FAIRY LAND," ETC.

WITH the assistance of my daughter's pencil, and some rough sketches I had by me, I have been enabled to give a view of the Briars, and the cottage occupied by Napoleon, whilst he stayed with us. He certainly appeared very

contented during that time, and frequently expressed a strong desire that the government would permit him to remain there, by purchasing the estate; and on their refusing to do so, he sent General Montholon to negotiate with my father, that he himself might become the purchaser of the Briars; but circumstances (probably political) prevented the negotiation from being carried out. Napoleon used to watch with great interest the fatigue parties of the 53rd regiment, as they wound round the mountains, carrying on their shoulders the materials wherewith Longwood was to be rendered fit to receive him; and as the time of its completion drew nigh, he manifested his discontent by grumbling at the fifes and drums, to the sound of which the soldiers of the 53rd used to toil up those steep declivities, as their monotonous notes warned him of the speedy termination of his sojourn at our cottage.

LONGWOOD.

To face p. 112.

Shortly after the emperor left the Briars, we proposed riding to Longwood, to see him, feeling exceedingly anxious to know how he was accommodated, and rather, it may be, hoping to hear him make a comparison in favour of the sweet place he had left for the sterile-looking domain in which his habitation was now placed; and I remember being in a state of ecstasy at the prospect of again beholding my old playmate, the loss of whose society I had so deeply regretted. We found him seated on the steps of his billiard-room, chatting to little Tristram Montholon. The moment he perceived us he started up and hastened towards us. Running to my mother, he saluted her on each cheek. After which fashion he welcomed my sister; but, as usual with me, he seized me by the ear, and pinching it, exclaimed, "Ah! Mademoiselle Betsee, êtes vous sage, eh, eh?" He then asked us what we thought of his

palace; and, bidding us follow him, said he would show us over his ménage. We were first conducted to his bedroom, which was small and cheerless. Instead of paper-hangings, its walls were covered with fluted nankeen; and the only decorations I observed were the different portraits of his family, which on a former occasion he had shown to us. His bed was the little camp bedstead, with green silk hangings, on which he said he had slept when on the battle-fields of Marengo and Austerlitz. The only thing approaching to magnificence in the furniture of this chamber was a splendid silver washhand-stand basin and ewer. The first object on which his eyes would rest on awaking, was a small bust of his son, which stood on the mantel-piece, facing his bed, and above which hung a portrait of Marie Louise. We then passed on through an ante-room, to a small chamber in which a bath had been put

up for his use, and where he passed many hours of the day.

The apartments appropriated to him were the two I have just mentioned, with a dressing-room, dining-room, drawing-room, and billiard-room. The latter was built by Sir George Cockburn, and was the only well-proportioned room of which Longwood could boast.

After all these chambers were exhibited, and commented on by Napoleon, he proceeded with us to the kitchen, where he desired Piron the confectioner to send in some creams and bon-bons for Miss Betsee. Thence we went to the larder, where he directed our attention to a sheep that was hanging up, and said laughingly, "Regardez —voilà un mouton pour mon diner, dont on a fait une lanterne." And sure enough, it was so—the French servants having placed a candle in its lean carcase, through which the light shone.

After we had gone all over the rooms, he conducted us to those of Madame Montholon, and introduced me to a little stranger — the countess's baby, only then six weeks old, and which he began dandling so awkwardly, that we were in a state of terror lest he should let it fall. He occasionally diverted himself by pinching the little creature's nose and chin, until it cried. When we quizzed him for his *gaucherie* in handling the child, he assured us he had often nursed the little king of Rome when he was much younger than the little Lili.

Before terminating our visit, Napoleon took us over the garden and grounds which surrounded his house. Nothing could exceed the dreariness of the view which presented itself from them; and a spectator unaccustomed to the savage and gigantic scenery of St. Helena, could not fail to be impressed with its singularity. On the opposite side the

eye rested on a dismal and rugged-looking mountain, whose stupendous side was here and there diversified by patches of wild samphire, prickly pears, and aloes, serving to break but slightly the uniform sterility of the iron-coloured rocks, the whole range of which exhibited little more than huge apertures of caverns, and overhanging cliffs, which in the early years of the colonization of the island afforded shelter to herds of wild goats. I remember hearing Madame Bertrand tell my mother, that one of Napoleon's favourite pastimes was to watch the clouds as they rolled over the highest point of that gigantic mountain, and as the mists wreathed themselves into fantastic draperies around its summit, sometimes obscuring the valleys from sight, and occasionally stretching themselves out far to sea, his imagination would take wing, and indulge itself in shaping out the future from those vapoury nothings.

As a diversion to close the day, the emperor proposed a ride in his Irish jaunting car. Our horses were accordingly sent on to Hutsgate, the residence of Madame Bertrand, and, accompanied by Napoleon, we set off at a hard gallop. I always was, and still am, the greatest coward in a carriage; and of all vehicles, that jaunting car seemed to me to be the one best calculated to inspire terror: it was driven by the fearless Archambaud, with unbroken Cape horses, three abreast, round that most dangerous of roads called the Devil's Punchbowl. The party occupying the side nearest the declivity seemed almost hanging over the precipice, while the others were, apparently, crushed against the gigantic walls formed by the perpendicular rock. These were drives which seemed to inspire Bonaparte with mischievous pleasure. He added to my fright by repeatedly assuring me the horses were running away, and that we

should be all dashed to pieces. I shall never forget the joy I experienced on arriving in safety at Madame Bertrand's, and finding myself once more mounted on my quiet pony Tom.

After Napoleon had been on the island a few months, some newspapers arrived containing anecdotes of him, and all that occurred during his stay at the Briars. Amongst other *sottises* was a letter written by the Marquess de M——, in which he described all the romping games that had taken place between Napoleon and our family, such as blindman's buff, the sword scenes, and ending his communication by observing that "Miss Betsee" was the wildest little girl he had ever met; and expressing his belief that the young lady was *folle*. This letter had been translated into the German and English journals. My father was much enraged at my name thus appearing, and wished to call the marquess to an account for

his ill nature; but my mother's intercessions prevailed, and she obtained an ample apology from the marquess. On hearing of the affront that "Miss Betsee" had received from the *vieux imbecile*, as Napoleon generally denominated him, he requested Dr. O'Meara to call at the Briars on his way to St. James's Valley, with a message to me, which was to let me know how I might revenge myself. It so happened that the marquess prided himself on the peculiar fashion of his wig, to which was attached a long cue. This embellishment to his head Napoleon desired me to burn off with caustic. I was always ready for mischief, and in this instance had a double inducement, on the emperor's promise to reward me, on the receipt of the pigtail, with the prettiest fan Mr. Solomon's (a well-known general dealer) shop contained. Fortunately, I was prevented indulging in this most hoydenish trick

by the remonstrances of my mother. The next time I saw the emperor his first exclamation was, "Eh bien, Mademoiselle Betsee, a tu obéi mes ordres et gagné l'eventail?" In reply, I made a great merit of being too dutiful a daughter to disobey my mother, however much my inclinations prompted me to revenge the insult. He pinched my ear, in token of approval, and said, "Ah, Miss Betsee, tu commences à être sage." He then called Dr. O'Meara, and asked him if he had procured the fan. The doctor replied that there were none pretty enough. I believe I looked disappointed; on perceiving which, Napoleon, with his usual good nature, consoled me with the promise of something prettier—and he kept his word. In a few days I received a ring of brilliants, forming the letter N, surmounted by a small eagle. The only revenge I took on the marquess was by relating an anecdote of

his greedy propensity, which diverted Napoleon very much. He was very fond of cauliflowers, which were rare vegetables in this island; dining with us one day at the Briars, his aide-de-camp, Captain Gor, had omitted to point out to him that there were some at table; and it was only when about to be removed that the marquess espied the retreating dish. His rage was most amusing; and, with much gesticulation, he exclaimed, "Bête! pourquoi ne m'a tu pas dit qu'il y avait des choux-fleurs?"

During one of our riding excursions we encountered Napoleon, who was returning from Sandy Bay, whither he had been to visit Mr. Doveton, who resided there. He expressed himself delighted with the place, and spoke in high terms of the urbanity of the venerable host of "Fairy Land." This gentleman had passed all his life at St. Helena, and had at this time arrived at

the advanced age of seventy, without ever having left the island. His appearance was most prepossessing; and to those who loved to revel in the ideal and imaginative, he might have been likened to a good genius presiding over the fairy valley in which he dwelt. A few years after the emperor's visit, Mr. Doveton was induced to come to England, and, thinking that he might never again return to his lovely and beloved valley, had a tree felled from his own "fairy land," from under the shade of which he had often viewed the enchanting scenery around, and had his coffin made from the wood. His arrival in England, together with his interesting character, being made known to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., his Royal Highness desired that Mr. Doveton might be presented to him, and he was so gratified with the interview, that he afterwards knighted Mr. Doveton, who subsequently returned

to the island of which he was so much enamoured.

I asked Napoleon if he had remarked, when at Sandy Bay, three singularly formed rocks, shaped like sugar loaves, and called Lot's Wife and Daughters. He replied that he had. I then related to him an anecdote connected with the largest of the three. More than half a century had elapsed since two slaves, who preferred a freebooting life to one of labour and subjection, secreted themselves in a cave half way up the declivity which terminates the spiral rock called "Lot's Wife." From this stronghold their nocturnal sallies and depredations were carried on with great success, and their retreat remaining for a long while undiscovered, they became the terror of the island. They were at length, however, tracked to their rocky hold, where they stood a long siege, repelling all attacks by rolling stones on their assailants. It was at last deemed

necessary to send a party of soldiers, to fire on them if they refused to surrender. But this measure was rendered unnecessary by the superior activity of one of the besieging party, who managed to climb the rock, reach the opposite side of the mountain, and clambering up still higher to gain a situation above the cave, the mouth of which became thus exposed to the same mode of attack which had effected its defence; so that, when one of the unfortunate freebooters approached the edge of the precipice to roll down stones, he was crushed to death, and his companion, who was following him, severely wounded. Many of the islanders believe to this day that the ghost of the murdered slave is seen to make the circuit of the wild spot wherein he carried on his nightly orgies—a superstition giving to an "airy nothing a local habitation, and a name." In St. Helena every cavern has its spirit, and

every rock its legend. Napoleon having listened to my legend of the sugar-loaf mountain, said he should regard it with greater interest the next time he rode in that direction.

CHAPTER XI.

To horse! to horse!

Now there is nothing gives a man such spirit,
Leavening his blood as Cayenne doth a curry,
As going at full speed.—BYRON.

DEADWOOD RACES.—MAMELUKE.—FETE AT ROSS COTTAGE.—NAPOLEON'S ATTEMPT AT SINGING.—VISIT TO MADAME BERTRAND'S.—THE EMPEROR'S ENGLISH.—PLANTATION HOUSE.—NAPOLEON'S METHOD OF FIGHTING HIS BATTLES OVER AGAIN.

ONE of the many instances of Napoleon's great good nature, and his kindness in promoting my amusement, was on the occasion of the races at Deadwood, which had been instituted by the Honourable Henry John Rous, the present member for Westminster, and which were at that time anticipated by the inhabitants of the island as a kind

of jubilee. From having been, as was often the case, in arrears with my lessons, my father, by way of punishing me, declared that I should not go to the races; and fearing that he might be induced to break his determination, lent my pony Tom to a friend of his for that day. My vexation was very great at not knowing where to get a horse, and I happened to mention my difficulty to Dr. O'Meara, who told Napoleon; and my delight may be conceived when, a short time after all our party had left the Briars for Deadwood, I perceived the doctor winding down the mountain path which led to our house, followed by a slave leading a superb grey horse called "Mameluke," with a lady's side-saddle and housings of crimson velvet embroidered with gold. Dr. O'Meara said that, on telling the emperor of my distress, he desired the quietest horse in his stable to be immediately prepared for my use. This simply good-natured act

of the emperor occasioned no small disturbance on the island, and sufficiently punished me for acting contrary to my father's wishes, by the pain it gave me to hear that he was considered to have committed a breach of discipline in permitting one of his family to ride a horse belonging to the Longwood establishment, and for which he was reprimanded by the governor.

We were told by Napoleon the next day that he had witnessed the races from the upper windows of General Bertrand's house, and expressed himself much amused by them. He said he supposed I was too much diverted by the gay scene to feel my usual timidity. The emperor frequently urged my father to correct me whilst young, and said I ought never to be encouraged in my foolish fears, or even permitted to indulge therein. He said the empress Josephine suffered the greatest terror in a carriage, and he mentioned several

instances of her extreme fright, when he was obliged to reprimand her severely. If I remember rightly, the Duchess D'Abrantes mentions in her memoirs of the emperor one of the anecdotes on this subject, which he recounted to us.

There was so very little to vary the monotony of Napoleon's life, that he took an interest in the most trifling attempts at gaiety in the island, and he generally consented to our entreaties to be present at some of the many entertainments which my father delighted in promoting. On one occasion my father gave a fête to celebrate the anniversary of my birthday, at a pretty little place he possessed within the boundary of the emperor's rides, called "Ross Cottage," so named as being the abode, for a short time, of a highly esteemed friend, the flag captain of the Northumberland, whom Napoleon always designated as "uno bravissimo uomo." When the

festivities were at their height, we descried the emperor riding along the hill's side towards the house; but on seeing such an assembly, he sent to say that he would content himself with looking at us from the heights above. I did not consider this was fulfilling his promise of coming to the party; and not liking to be so disappointed, I scampered off to where he had taken up his position, and begged he would be present at our festivity, telling him that he must not refuse, since it was my birthday. But all my entreaties were unavailing; he said he could not make up his mind to descend the hill and to be exposed to the gaze of the multitude, who wished to gratify their curiosity with the sight of him. I insisted, however, on his tasting a piece of birthday cake, which had been sent for that occasion by a friend from England, and who, little knowing the strict surveil-

lance exercised over all those in any way connected with the fallen chief and his adherents, had the cake ornamented with a large eagle; this, unluckily for us, was the subject of much animadversion. I named it to Napoleon as an inducement for him to eat the cake, saying, "It is the least you can do for getting us into such disgrace." Having thus induced him to eat a thick slice, he pinched my ear, calling me a saucy simpleton, and galloped away humming, or rather attempting to sing, with his most unmusical voice, "Vive Henri Quatre."

It was by Napoleon's especial desire that we ventured now and then to correct his English; and being very anxious to improve himself, he never let an opportunity pass when in our society without trying to converse in English, though, from his exceedingly bad pronunciation and literal translations, it required the most exclusive

attention to understand him. For my part, I seldom had patience to render him much assistance, my sister being generally obliged to finish what I had begun, for in the middle of his lesson I would walk away, attracted by some more frivolous pursuit; on returning I was always saluted with a tap on the cheek or a pinch of the ear, with the exclamation of "Ah! Mademoiselle Betsee, petit étourdie que vous êtes, vous ne devenez jamais sage." Bonaparte on one occasion asked us if we had seen little Arthur, who was about a month old; and he repeated Madame Bertrand's speech on introducing the child to him: "Allow me to present to your Majesty a subject who has dared to enter the gates of Longwood without a pass from Sir Hudson Lowe."

He sat a long time chatting and quizzing me about the short waist and petticoats of my frock. He took great pleasure in teasing me about my

trousers, and calling me a little boy, which he always made a point of doing whenever he espied the trousers. He thought the fashion of wearing short waists very frightful, and said if he were governor he should issue an order that the ladies were not to appear dressed in that style. Before leaving Madame Bertrand's cottage, he joined the children in a game of "puss in the corner," to which I acted as *maîtresse de ballet*.

Napoleon used to evince great curiosity about the subject of our conversations, when we called on Lady Lowe at Plantation House, and asked whether they discussed our visits to Longwood. I told him that the same sort of interrogation went on there, and that I was sure to be sharply (though good-naturedly) cross-questioned about what we did and what we heard when in his presence.

One evening, whilst on a visit to

Madame Bertrand, we strolled up to see Mr. O'Meara, who happened to be engaged with the emperor; Cipriani, however, sent in to say that some ladies were waiting to see him, and on Napoleon hearing our names, he requested us to come in. We found him in the billiard-room, employed looking over some very large maps, and moving about a number of pins, some with red heads, others with black. I asked him what he was doing. He replied that he was fighting over again some of his battles, and that the red-headed pins were meant to represent the English, and the black to indicate the French. One of his chief amusements was going through the evolutions of a lost battle, to see if it were possible by any better manœuvring to have won it.

CHAPTER XII.

Foot it featly here and there,
Hark, hark!
The watch-dog's bark,
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer.

SHAKESPEARE.

ALL AT DEADWOOD.—NAPOLEON'S CRITICISMS ON DRESS.—HIS DISLIKE TO THE CUSTOM OF SITTING LATE AFTER DINNER.—DRIVE TO DEADWOOD BALL.—LORD AMHERST.—THE DEJEUNE ON BOARD THE NEWCASTLE.—THE EXTRACTION OF THE EMPEROR'S FIRST TOOTH.—HIS HORROR OF PLAIN WOMEN.

A BALL, occasionally given by the officers of the 66th regiment, afforded some variety to the dreariness of Madame Bertrand's changed existence. One of these took place whilst we were on a visit to her, and it was arranged that we should go together in Napo-

leon's carriage, after dining with the emperor, as he said he wished to criticise our dresses, and then proceed from his door to the ball.

Madame Montholon very good-naturedly sent her maid Josephine to arrange my hair. She combed and strained it off my face, making me look like a Chinese. It was the first time I had seen such a coiffure, and I thought I had never beheld anything so hideous in my life, and would gladly have pulled it all down; but there was no time, and I was obliged to make my appearance before Napoleon, whose laugh I dreaded, with my eyes literally starting from my head, in consequence of the uneasy manner in which my hair had been arranged. However, to my great comfort, he did not quiz it, but said it was the only time he had ever seen it wear the appearance of anything like neatness. But my little leno frock did not pass muster so well: he declared it was

frightful, from its extreme shortness, and desired me to have it lengthened. In vain I pleaded the impossibility of any alteration; he kept twitching it about, until I was obliged to fly to Josephine, and have the desired change made by letting down some of the tucks, thereby spoiling the effect of my pretty dress; but I knew it was useless resisting, when once the fiat had gone forth.

After dinner the carriage was announced, and we all obeyed the emperor's signal for rising from table, his manner of performing that ceremony being brusque and startling. He would push his chair suddenly away, and rise as if he had received an electric shock. I recollect his remarking upon the want of gallantry displayed by Englishmen, in sitting so long after dinner. He said, "If Balcombe had been here, he would want to drink one, two, three, ah! cinq bouteilles,

eh?" * It was one of his early attempts at expressing himself in English. I think I can see him now, holding up one of his exquisitely taper fingers, and counting how many bottles my father usually drank before he joined the ladies. "If I were you, Mrs. Balcombe," he said, addressing my mother, "I should be very angry at being turned out to wait for two or three hours, whilst your husband and his friends were making themselves drunk. How different are Frenchmen, who think society cannot be agreeable without the presence of ladies!"

After drinking some of La Page's delectable coffee, and being helped to the sugar by Napoleon's fingers, instead of silver tongs, we proceeded to

* I may as well remark here that my grandfather had spent a considerable portion of his early life at Carlton House, and that, like everyone else at that time, he had to some degree followed the custom of the day.—E. J. B. J.

the carriage, which was in waiting. Madame Bertrand led the way, carrying her baby, little Arthur, followed by my mother, my sister and myself, and General Gourgaud. On being seated, the signal was given, the whip applied to the spirited Cape steeds, and away they tore, first on one side of the *track* (for road there was none) and then on the other, Madame Bertrand screaming with all her power for Achambaud to stop; but it was not until a check was put to the velocity of the carriage, by its coming in contact with a large gum-wood tree, that we had any chance of being heard. At length the door was opened, and out we scrambled, up to our knees in mud, the night being wet and foggy. We had nearly a mile to walk through this filthy road to Deadwood, and the poor Countess all the while carrying her infant, who would not be pacified with any other nurse. I never shall forget

the figure we cut on arriving at Mr. Baird's quarters, where we were provided with dry clothes; nor the ludicrous appearance of Madame Bertrand, habited in one of Mrs. Baird's dresses, which was half a yard too short, and much too small in every way, Mrs. Baird being remarkably *petite*, whilst the Countess was *renommée* for her tall and graceful stature. But in spite of our adventure and *contretemps*, we had a very merry ball, and the party did not separate until long after the booming guns from the forts around announced the break of day. We cared little for our walk home through the mist and rain, as we knew that on arriving at the Grand Marshal's cottage we should be refreshed by a good breakfast and comfortable beds. Napoleon complimented me on my dancing and appearance at the ball, which he had heard were much admired, and also told me that I was considered very like Baroness

Sturmer, and might be mistaken for her young sister. I was flattered by the resemblance, as I thought her the prettiest woman I had ever seen.

I had been to a breakfast given to Lord Amherst (the British ambassador to the Chinese empire), on board the Newcastle, where this fête was held, the entertainers being Sir Pulteney and Lady Malcolm. On next visiting Longwood, I was surprised and vexed to find that the emperor had heard an account of the party from other lips than mine, as I was anxious to forestall the narration of the exploits of a certain hoydenish young lady, namely, myself; but he had received a faithful detail of them from Dr. O'Meara. He pretended to scold and take me to task for being such a *petite folle*, and said he hoped the account was not true; he then began recapitulating the offences of which I had been guilty to my father, stating that I had teased

and locked up pretty little Miss P., while the ladies were being *whipped* * over the side of the frigate to return to the shore, and it was not until we had nearly reached the fort that the fair lady's absence was perceived, when, it being inconvenient to return the barge, it was proposed to Captain G., one of the party, and a great admirer of the young lady, that he should proceed to the frigate and rescue the terrified girl. Napoleon said, "Miss Betsee must be punished for being so naughty. N'est ce pas, Balcombe?" turning to my father, whom he requested to set me a task, to be repeated to him on my next visit; such a request my father was of course delighted to put into execution, being only too happy to have an excuse to make me study. On hearing what was in store for me, I assured him I had been sufficiently punished already

* This is a technical term for lowering ladies down the side of a ship.

for my cruelty to Miss P., having been really frightened out of my little wits by the roaring of the cannon from every fort which overhung the bay, and from all the men-of-war stationed in the harbour, to salute Lord Amherst on his landing. I also mentioned the scolding I had received from Lady Lowe, who kept desiring me to use my *reason*, and "not to be so childish."

Napoleon did not lose the opportunity of attacking Lady Lowe, though at my expense, and said he wondered at her ladyship's want of perception in giving me credit for what I never possessed. I amused Bonaparte that day by my ecstasies in describing the impression the courtier-like manner and charming address of Lord Amherst had made on me. He seemed pleased at my entertaining the same idea as himself, and said, "The ambassador must have been fascinating, to have impressed your youthful fancy."

From the strict surveillance exercised over the emperor, the inconveniences suffered by his suite were, on many occasions, extremely annoying, and I quote the following as an instance:—My sister and I were constantly in the habit of staying with Madame Bertrand, who kindly volunteered, during my long visits to her, to superintend my studies. Upon one occasion, at her request, I attempted to sing a little French romance, composed by Hortense Beauharnois, daughter to the Empress Josephine, and mother of Napoleon III., entitled, "Le depart des Styriens." This song had been sent to her the preceding evening by Napoleon, who was anxious to hear it, and intimated that he should come for that purpose. He came according to promise, but was not only disappointed but angry at the discordant sounds that issued from the piano, which, from damp and disuse, had acquired tones very like those of a broken down

hurdy-gurdy. The only person on the island capable of remedying the defects of the instrument was Mr. Guinness, band-master on board the "General Kid," then lying in the St. James's harbour. Mr. Guinness,* who, at the request of the countess, was summoned by my father for the purpose, was on the point of leaving the side of the ship, when an order from the governor desired him to stay where he was.

Napoleon expressed a wish to see a boa constrictor brought by Captain Murray Maxwell to the island. I had described its gorging a goat, and the extraordinary appearance it presented after such a meal. The horns of the unfortunate animal, which had been put alive into the cage, seemed as if they must protrude through the snake's

* Mr. Guinness was afterwards a member of the Royal Society of Musicians, and the well-known leader of the orchestra at the Almack's balls, &c.

skin. The emperor observed that he thought, from what he had heard, that the Marquess de M——, from the quantity of food he consumed, must resemble a boa constrictor. I understood that it was not thought advisable to comply with the emperor's wish to have the monster conveyed to Longwood.

Early one morning, whilst I was wandering about the gardens and plantations at Longwood, I encountered the emperor, who stopped, told me to come with him, and he would show me some pretty toys. Such an invitation was not to be resisted, and I accordingly accompanied him to his billiard-room, where he displayed a most gorgeously carved set of chess-men, which had been presented to him by Mr. Elphinstone. He might well call them toys, every one being in itself a gem. The castles, surmounting superbly chased elephants, were filled

with warriors in the act of discharging arrows from their bended bows; the knights were cased in armour, with their visors up, and mounted on beautifully caparisoned horses; mitred bishops appeared in their flowing robes; and every pawn was varied in character and splendour of costume, each figure furnishing a specimen of the dress of some different nation. Such workmanship had never before left China: art and taste had been exerted to the utmost to devise such rare specimens of skill and elegance. The emperor was as much pleased with his present as I should have been with a new plaything. He told me he had just finished a game of chess with Lady Malcolm with these most beautiful things, and that she had beaten him—he thought, solely from his attention having been occupied in admiring the men, instead of considering the game. The workboxes and card-counters were lovely,

the latter representing all the varied trades of China, minutely executed in carving. These gifts were presented to Napoleon, as a token of gratitude, by Mr. Elphinstone, from the circumstance of the emperor having humanely attended to his brother, when severely wounded on the field of Waterloo—on which occasion Napoleon sent for his refreshment a goblet of wine from his own canteen, on hearing he was faint from the loss of blood. Napoleon observed that he thought the chess-men too pretty for St. Helena, and that therefore he should transmit them to the King of Rome. Another present which attracted my attention was a superb ivory tea-chest, which, when open, presented a perfect model of the city of Canton, most ingeniously manufactured of stained ivory; underneath this tray were packets of the finest tea, done up in fantastic shapes. Napoleon told me that when he was Emperor of

France he did not permit any tea to be drunk in his dominions except that grown in Switzerland, which so nearly resembled the Chinese plant, that the difference was not perceptible. He also cultivated the growth of beet-root, for the purpose of making sugar, instead of depending upon foreign produce.

Seeing the ex-emperor one day less amiable than usual, and his face very much swollen and inflamed, I inquired the cause, when he told me that Mr. O'Meara had just performed the operation of drawing a tooth, which caused him some pain. I exclaimed, "What! you complain of the pain so trifling an operation can give?—you, who have passed through battles innumerable, amid storms of bullets whizzing around you, and by some of which you must occasionally have been hit! I am ashamed of you. But, nevertheless, give me the tooth, and I will get it set by Mr. Solomons as an ear-ring, and

wear it for your sake." The idea made him laugh heartily, in spite of his suffering, and caused him to remark that he thought I should *never* cut my wisdom teeth;—he was always in extra good humour with himself whenever he was guilty of anything approaching to the nature of a witticism.

Napoleon had a peculiar horror of ugly women; and, knowing this weakness, I one day begged he would allow me to introduce to him a Mrs. S., the wife of a gentleman holding a high official appointment in India. I must confess feeling rather nervous at the time, knowing her to be one of the very plainest persons ever seen. She had, nevertheless, all the airs and graces of a beauty, and believed herself to be as lovely as Chinerey had portrayed her on ivory. She thought she might make an impression on the great man, and for that purpose loaded herself with all the finery an Indian ward-

robe could afford. She dressed in crimson velvet bordered with pearls, and her black hair she braided and adorned with pearls, and butterflies composed of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. When introduced to Napoleon, and after he had put the usual questions to her, as to whether she were married, how many children she had, and so on, he scrutinized her over and over again, trying, but in vain, to discover some point whereon to compliment her; at last he perceived that she had an immense quantity of coarse, fuzzy black hair, which he remarked, by saying to her, "Madame, you have most luxuriant hair." The lady was so much pleased with this speech of the emperor's, that on her arrival in England she published in the newspapers an account of her interview with him, and said Napoleon had lost his heart to her beauty. I really did incur the emperor's displeasure for a

few days by the trick I had played him, having led him to suppose he was about to see a perfect Venus; and he prohibited me from ever introducing any more ladies to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Ye horrid tow'rs, th' abode of broken hearts;
Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,
That monarchs have supplied from age to age
With Music,—such unto their sov'reign ears,—
The sighs and groans of miserable men!

COWPER.

ANECDOTE OF LIEUT. C——.—JOURNEY UP PEAK HILL.—NAPOLEON UPON ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY.—CAPT. WALLIS.—THE EMPEROR'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.—NAPOLEON'S SOLICITUDE ABOUT CAPT. MEYNELL'S HEALTH.

NAPOLEON was very anxious about hearing any gossip relative to picnics, balls, or parties, that took place at St. Helena, and always made me recount to him what we did, who we met, and who were my partners. He once asked me who danced the best at the governor's balls; and on my replying Mrs. Wilks, the governor's

lady, he was anxious to know what sort of dances were the fashion there. I described our quadrilles and country dances, which had been introduced by a Mr. C——, the greatest beau that ever came to St. Helena. This youth was such an exquisite, that he would sit with his feet elevated considerably above his head for an hour before dressing for dinner, that he might squeeze them the more readily into tight shoes; he wore his epaulette nearly down to his elbow; and his sword belt was embroidered with golden oak leaves. The same kind of embroidery confined his silk stocking round each knee, where it resembled the order of the Garter. His disgust was very great at finding the St. Helena ladies understand nothing but *kitchen* dances and reels; and he immediately began to drill, and, after much toil, succeeded in instructing them in the mysteries of the quadrille figures. Once, whilst he

was figuring away in the capacity of dancing master, my mother very unceremoniously put her foot on his heel, because he stood bending before her, and nearly extinguishing her eye with the swallow tails of his uniform coat. The perplexity this occasioned him was considerable, from the difficulty he had in thrusting his foot again into its tiny case.

Napoleon was so amused with our description of young C——, that he begged us to bring him to Longwood, if he could get a pass. One was accordingly procured; and as the emperor's eye rested on him, putting on a most comical look, he told him that he had heard from Miss Betsee that he was a great *dandy*—which was anything but pleasing intelligence to the young hero, who began to think he was indebted for the honour of his interview with the great man to the circumstance of his being considered a sort of tom-fool.

Napoleon, suiting his conversation (which, as I have before said, he always did) to his company, began admiring the cut of his coat, and said, "You are more fortunate than myself, for I am obliged to wear my coat turned;" this had really been the case, as no cloth could be procured on the island of the shade of green worn by Napoleon and his suite. Young C——'s interview with the great man, however, ended very satisfactorily to both; for, although a little too conceited, he was very gentlemanly, spoke French fluently, and left a pleasing impression on the exile of Longwood.

One morning my father told me he was going to Longwood, and had been requested by the emperor to bring myself and sister to see him, as he had something curious to show us. We were only too happy to obey his wishes; and the next day saw us at Longwood. He reproached us for having so long

neglected to pay him a visit, and wished to know why we had absented ourselves so much from him. On my telling him I had but just recovered from a slight attack of *coup de soleil*, he was quite cheering in his sympathy. I told him it had been occasioned by my walking with Captain Mackey and my sister to call on Mrs. Wilks, and that our way led over the high mountain at the back of the Briars, called Peak Hill. It was certainly a tremendous undertaking for one so young to attempt. The mountain is not accessible to four-footed animals, and is 2000 feet in height, and nearly perpendicular. Imagine, therefore, our toiling to its summit, and descending to the deep valley beneath, crossing Francis Plain, and ascending two mountain ridges, before terminating our expedition! We arrived at Plantation House worn and weary; but when once there, the kindness of the lady governess, and the care and

attention of her amiable and lovely daughter, soon made us forget our fatigues; and at noon of that same day we started for Sir William D——'s lovely valley of "Fairy Land." I described all our adventure, and the kindness we had received from Mrs. Wilks at Plantation House, and from Miss D—— at Fairy Land. A few days after Napoleon invited the former lady, with her husband and daughter, to Longwood, but from political reasons the honour of the interview was declined. The wonderful exhibition we were invited to see was the process of turning water into ice by one of Leslie's machines, sent out to Napoleon for that purpose. He explained the process to us, and tried to enlighten me as to the principle upon which air-pumps were formed; he advised me, moreover, to get a book upon elementary chemistry, for my amusement and improvement; and finished, as usual, by

turning to my father, recommending him to enforce a lesson every day, and directing the good O'Meara, as he called his doctor, to be my examiner. After making a cup of ice, he insisted upon my putting a large piece into my mouth, and laughed to see the contortions it induced from the excessive cold. It was the first ice that had ever been seen at St. Helena; and a young island lady, Miss De F——, who was with us, would not believe that the solid mass in her hand was really frozen water, until it melted and streamed down her fingers. I recollect ending the morning's diversions by cutting from Napoleon's coat an embroidered bugle, and running away with it as a trophy. I now regret that I did not keep it; but, like most other relics and valuable mementoes, I gave it away. It was attached to the coat he wore at Waterloo.

The emperor asked me one day

whether I was acquainted with Captain Wallis, who commanded the "Podargus;" and on my replying in the affirmative, he said, somewhat abruptly, "What does he think of me?" It so happened that, in the case of this officer, the prejudice against Napoleon (and indeed against everything French, at that time common to all Englishmen) was sharpened, upon the whetstone of painful experience, into the acuteness of rancour and bitter hatred; perhaps the word prejudice is hardly a fit term to apply to that particular mania which then existed—a feeling which, first instilled into our infant minds by our nurses, "grew with our growth, and strengthened with our strength," until it fully ripened into that settled jealousy, which was but too apparent in all the transactions which took place between the individual inhabitants of the hostile countries. It was, therefore, not without

the assistance of all my small stock of girlish assurance that I ventured to answer, "Oh, he has the most abominable opinion of you in the world; he says that you shut him up for ten years in the Temple; and there is no end to the barbarities that he lays to your charge. He declared to us that, on one occasion, they removed him from one cell to another, which had been just vacated by the corpse of a man who had shot himself through the head, and that he met the body on the way. Moreover, his gaolers had not the decency to wash away the dead man's brains, which had been scattered on the wall, but left them there for the special annoyance of the living occupant. Besides that, he accuses you of nearly starving him: to such an extent did he suffer from want of food, that he and Captain Shaw, a fellow-sufferer, once tore a live duck to pieces, and devoured it like cannibals."

The emperor observed that it was not to be wondered at that Captain Wallis was so inveterate against him, as he was the lieutenant who, together with Wright, had been convicted of landing spies and brigands in his territories, for which they were afterwards reported to have been murdered by his (the emperor's) orders. The conspiracy of Georges, Moreau, and Pichegru, in which Captains Wright and Wallis were supposed to have been mixed up, has been so often described, and so ably discussed, that there are few who have taken an interest in the history of Napoleon but must be well acquainted with all the circumstances connected with it. I remember being greatly interested with Wallis's narrative of his escape from prison, as it was told to us by him. Although years have passed since I heard it, still it is as freshly graven on my memory as when first my won-

dering ears listened to the exciting history. After ten long years of dreary captivity, urged by that powerful stimulus which hope builds upon despair, with the assistance of a rusty knife which he had contrived to conceal from the gaoler, he succeeded in moving one of the bars from his prison windows. The first great obstacle being removed, he found he had to overcome another, not less formidable. A hundred feet beneath the aperture which his patience and skill had succeeded in making large enough for his egress, flowed the still, dark waters of the Seine. As a drowning man catches at a straw, so did he seize upon whatever was likely to break his fall; and with a rope of no greater length and thickness than he was able to make out of his linen, he lowered himself as far as it would reach. The leap was fearful, but the very walls he touched gave him a convulsive shudder, when they

brought to his mind the horrors of captivity and its concomitant evils, of which starvation was not the least. The splash of his fall into the water was loud enough to rouse the sentinels; he was senseless from its stunning effects for some seconds, and when he came to himself, struck out for the opposite bank. The bullets whizzed round him in all directions, but the darkness of the night was sufficient protection, and he gained the friendly shore in safety. By the aid of an accomplice, he obtained a pedlar's dress, in which, after numberless hair-breadth escapes, he reached the coast, and was taken on board an English frigate. He was afterwards appointed to the Podargus, and sent to cruise off St. Helena, he being, naturally enough, supposed to be the best guard to set over one whom he hated as deeply as he did Napoleon.

We always made a point of riding to

Longwood every New Year's day, to wish the emperor a happy new year, and we dined with him or Madame Bertrand, though more frequently with the former. I recollect one New Year's day I had been anticipating a present from the emperor all the morning, and as the day wore on, my hopes began to wax faint, and I was beginning to make up my mind to have nothing new and pretty to feast my eyes upon, when Napoleon himself waddled into Madame Bertrand's room, where my sister and I were seated, and perhaps rather enviously viewing some elegant souvenirs of which the emperor had made the countess a present that morning. In his hand were two beautiful Sèvres cups, exquisitely painted, one representing himself in Egypt, in the dress of a Mussulman; upon the other was delineated an Egyptian woman drawing water. "Here, Mesdemoiselles Betsee and Jane, are

two cups for you; accept them as a mark of the friendship I entertain for you both, and for your kindness to Madame Bertrand." Oh, how delighted I was with my beautiful gift! I would not trust it out of my hand, but rode with it wrapped in cotton all the way home, for fear of its being injured. It always brought a smile to Napoleon's countenance whenever he gave pleasure to the young around him.

One day, before the emperor had left my father's, we were walking with him down the Pomegranate Walk which led to the garden, when suddenly the voices of strangers were heard, and he began running away as fast as he could towards the garden gate, but found it locked from within. The strangers' steps approached nearer and nearer, and Napoleon had nothing left for it but to jump over the garden fence, which, unfortunately, was defended on the top by the prickly pear, a plant covered

with thorns. When he found himself on the top, there he stuck, the thorny bush preventing his extricating himself. At length, after a considerable struggle, torn clothes, and with his legs much scratched, the discomfited emperor descended on the garden side of the hedge, before the advancing company surprised him. The wounds he received that day were of no trifling nature, and it required a little of Dr. O'Meara's skill to extract the thorns which the prickly pears had deposited in his imperial person.

Napoleon always evinced great kindness and interest for those who were ill, and his sympathy was much excited in the case of Captain Meynell, who had a very severe and dangerous ilness during the time he was stationed at St. Helena. I recollect perfectly whilst he was ill, under my father's roof, that Napoleon's *maître d'hôtel*, Cipriani, came every day to inquire after him.

When we saw the emperor, a few days after Captain Meynell left us, we told him that he had been moved to Plantation House, where he would have more room and better attention than at our cottage, and that he was so ill as to be obliged to be removed in his cot; he had a relapse, and his life was despaired of. The emperor begged, when next we saw Lady Lowe, we would send him word how the brave captain was.

CHAPTER XIV.

Hark to the boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;
Or schoolboy midshipman that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe, as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.
BYRON.

When mountains tremble, and the birds
Plunge in the clouds for refuge and withdraw
From their down-toppling nests; and bellowing herds
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath
no words.

Ye who have known what 'tis to dote upon
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to
heal. BYRON.

ANECDOTE OF THE HONOURABLE G. C——.—CONVERSATION WITH NAPOLEON ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.—INSTANCES OF PRIESTCRAFT RECOUNTED BY THE EMPEROR.—TRANSLATION OF DR. WARDEN'S BOOK.—THE EARTHQUAKE.—NAPOLEON'S ADMIRATION OF THE CHARACTER OF THE GOVERNOR'S LADY, MRS. WILKS.

NAPOLEON was fond of sailors, and liked entering into conversation with the

young midshipmen who conducted the fatigue parties at Longwood. On one occasion a remarkably handsome and high-born young reefer attracted his notice, from the activity he displayed in setting his men to work in erecting a commodious marquee out of a studding-sail. He inquired his name, and when he heard it was the Honourable G. C., he remarked that he was one of the very few instances in which he had observed high birth combined with so much amiability and intelligence. We told the emperor we had the pleasure of being acquainted with the young middy he so much admired, and that he was the most popular of any of his young companions in the wardroom. I related to the emperor our first introduction to him, which was on our return from the admiral's ball, when we saw him elevated in a cart, surrounded by his brother middies, shouting at the top of his voice, "Lord W.'s carriage

stops the way;" and true enough the way was stopped, as the cart had been dragged by some of these wild boys within the arch of the castle, through which we had all to pass on our road homeward. The next time we heard of him our sympathies were excited by hearing he had narrowly escaped being drowned, and afterwards being very nearly shot, when rowing guard one night. The surf was dangerously high, compelling his boat to keep off shore, and when hailed by the sentry, the roaring of the sea against the iron-girt rocks prevented the countersign from being heard; the guard then fired in amongst the crew, but our gallant young friend most providentially escaped with his life.

We concluded our history of the middy by telling Napoleon that his talent was equally distinguished in performing his duties either on sea or land, and that Sir Pulteney Malcolm

had made a farmer of him, entrusting to his management the superintendence and cultivation of one of the government farms. The admiral declared he had never before seen such vegetables produced on the sterile rock of St. Helena. Napoleon's concluding remark was, that "Whatever British sailors took in hand, they never left undone."

When we were visiting Madame Bertrand's we always passed our Sundays as if at home, reading the lessons for the day and observing the prayers, &c. On Sunday morning, Napoleon came bustling in, and seeing me very earnestly employed reading aloud to my sister, asked what I was so intently engaged upon, and why I looked so much graver than usual. I told him I was learning to repeat the collect for the day, and that if I failed in saying it, my father would be very angry. I remarked, "I suppose *you* never learnt a collect or anything religious, for I

am told you disbelieve the existence of a God." He seemed displeased at my observation, and answered, "You have been told an untruth; when you are wiser you will understand that no one could doubt the existence of a God." My mother asked him if he was a predestinarian, as reported. He admitted the truth of the accusation, saying, "I believe that whatever a man's destiny calls upon him to do, that he must fulfil."

Dr. O'Meara often amused us by recounting conversations he had with the emperor respecting priestcraft: one anecdote is impressed on my recollection from the amusement it afforded. A poor erring monk having paid the debt of nature, a funeral oration was delivered by a brother priest, to a large assembled congregation. The holy father proceeded to inform the multitude that the soul of the departed had had to appear before the judgment-seat,

there to render an account of all its past actions; that being done, the evil and the good were then separated and thrown into opposite scales, in order to see which preponderated. The good deeds were so few, that the scale flew up, and the poor soul was condemned to the regions below, and conducted by devils to Eblis' dread abode, there to be tormented with "fire unquenched, unquenchable—around, within his form to dwell." The flame had reached his feet and legs, and was proceeding to envelop his wretched body, when he, sinking into the bottomless pit with but his head above the liquid fire, cried out, "Oh, my patron saint, save me! take compassion on me, and throw into the scale of my good deeds all the lime and stone that I gave to repair the convent." His saint listened to the supplications of the tortured one, and gathering all the materials the monk had collected to build and adorn his

monastery, did as he desired, and threw them into the scale of good, which immediately had the effect of overbalancing the evil, and the sinner's soul was taken to Paradise that moment. The moral meant to be conveyed was, how useful to that poor sinner's eternal salvation was his having kept his convent in repair; for had he not bestowed all that lime and stone, his soul would have been to this day consumed in the fires prepared for the Devil and his angels.

Billiards was a game much played by Napoleon and his suite. I had the honour of being instructed in its mysteries by him; but when tired of my lesson, my amusement consisted in aiming the balls at his fingers, and I was never more pleased than when I succeeded in making him cry out. One day our pass from Sir Hudson Lowe only specified a visit to General Bertrand, but my anxiety to see Napoleon

caused me to break through the rule laid down, and the consequences of my imprudence were nearly proving very serious, as my father *all but* lost the appointment he then held under government. I had caught sight of the emperor in his favourite billiard-room, and not being able to resist having a game with him, I listened to no remonstrance, but bounded off, leaving my father in dismay at the consequences likely to ensue. Instead of my anticipated game of throwing about the balls, I was requested to read a book, by Dr. Warden, the surgeon of the "Northumberland," that had just come out. It was in English, and I had the task of wading through several chapters, and making it as intelligible as my ungrammatical French permitted. Napoleon was much pleased with Dr. Warden's book, and said his work was a very true one. I finished reading it to him whilst we remained with Madame Bertrand.

In the cool of the evening we used to have chairs brought out and placed on the lawn leading to the billiard-room, under the gum-wood trees, and the Countesses Bertrand and Montholon, with their husbands and children, my sister and myself, would remain for hours after sunset listening to the thousand crickets with which the ground at Longwood seemed alive. The moonlight nights were remarkably beautiful at St. Helena; the blue of the sky so deep and clear, that it would be difficult to imagine any scene more solemn and imposing than the appearance presented by the landscape on such occasions. Either the stars shine brighter in that firmament, and the moon seems fuller and more lustrous, or it may be that the recollection of those joyous days had no cloud to dim their radiance. It was on one of these splendid starry nights, and at the time we were on a visit to Madame Bertrand,

that the party was grouped about, some seated on the steps of the billiard-room, others in the garden enjoying the cool refreshing breeze. The day had been one of the most sultry ever experienced within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant of St. Helena. Suddenly we heard a lumbering heavy noise, as if loaded waggons were rumbling over the ground immediately under us. Those seated near the billiard-room sprang up aghast, thinking the house was falling about their ears. Dr. O'Meara and Major Blakeney, who was appointed captain of the guard at Longford, rushed immediately from their rooms, excepting to find the ladies half dead with fear. All the household, some of whom were in bed, ran out in the greatest alarm; some were gazing up at the sky, others looking stupefied with wonder and amazement as to what had caused such a commotion. Little Tristram Montholon,

who had some time previously retired to rest, came screaming to his mother, declaring that somebody had been trying to throw him out of bed. The cause of our terror proved to be an earthquake, the only one remembered to have occurred at St. Helena for nearly a century. The horror this event occasioned us all can only be conceived by those who are acquainted with the island; more especially was the alarm felt by those whose friends and relatives were residing in any of the valleys, so narrow and wedge-like in their form, and flanked, as they generally were, by tremendous overhanging precipices, at the summit of which enormous loose rocks threatened continual destruction to those who were beneath. It was observed at the time, that had the shocks been lateral instead of perpendicular, those who resided in the valleys must have been destroyed by the vast boulders of stone which would have

fallen from the mountains above. Napoleon had retired to bed, and it was not till the next morning that we saw him. He asked us if we had been frightened by the *tremblement de terre* on the previous evening, observing that I looked pale and *quiet*. He mentioned to General Bertrand that he at first thought the "Conqueror," a 74 lying in the harbour, had blown up, and that the great powder magazine had exploded, but on feeling the third shock he perceived it to be an earthquake. It lasted from 16 to 18 seconds. Many people fancied the rumbling noise they at first heard to be thunder, but when it was remembered that such a phenomenon as thunder* was never heard, nor had lightning ever been seen since the discovery of St. Helena, that idea was abandoned. Thunder and light-

* It is mentioned in Brooks's History of St. Helena, there had been two shocks of earthquakes in the island during the years 1756 and 1782.

ning have never been known to disturb the harmony of the climate. To account for this, it is said that the electric fluid is attracted by a high and conical-shaped mountain, called Diana's Peak, and conducted by it into the sea. I was too much alarmed after the occurrence of the earthquake to go to bed for many nights.

Seeing me one day unusually low-spirited, Napoleon inquired what could possibly have happened to drive away the dimples from my usually *riante* face. "Has any one run away with a favourite *robe de bal*, or is the pet black nurse, old Sarah, dead? What can have occurred?" I told him it was neither one thing or the other, but simply that our Governor's kind lady, Mrs. Wilks * had left the island, and such demonstrations of grief had never before been seen at St. Helena. She

* Mrs. Wilks, afterwards Mrs. Blamire, the wife of the late M.P. for the county of Cumberland.

was *so* beloved, people of all ranks and ages crowded to the castle to say, "God bless you, and a safe and happy voyage home." Not a dry eye was to be seen amongst the crowd then collected; that leavetaking of our much loved and respected governor and his family resembled more a funeral than a levée, so sad and solemn was every face. I fancy I can see them now, following the party to the beach as they embarked in the barge that conducted them on board the Havannah; and when the noble frigate spread her canvas to the swelling breeze that bore from the little rock those who had contributed so much to the happiness of its gratefully impressed inhabitants, groups of sorrow-stricken ladies were seen wandering under the pepul trees of the Sisters' Walk watching the vessel as she lessened from their tearful gaze, bearing on board a family who had rendered themselves so popular by

their urbanity and kindness, which is even remembered to this day. I recounted the scene we had witnessed (and suffered with the rest) to the emperor; he was quite interested in the recital, and regretted much not having been acquainted with the Governor's lady, as she must have been so very amiable.

Napoleon's hour for rising was uncertain; though generally early, it much depended on the rest he took during the day, or the sultry state of the weather; occasionally he would sleep for an hour or two on the bench under our trellised grape walk at the "Briars," and when he awoke refreshed, would write or dictate away for hours together. Sometimes he would diversify his occupation by riding round our lawn on his beautiful black horse "Hope." The name pleased him; it was the first he had ridden on the island, and he liked

the augury. After his long *day* sleeps he would court the drowsy god at night by desiring Marchand to read to him until the "sweet restorer, nature's soft nurse," came to his aid. Frequently, when the nights were illumined by the splendid tropical moon, would he rise at three o'clock, and saunter down to the garden long before old Toby, the slave, had slept off his first nap, and there he would regale himself with an early breakfast of delicious fruits, with which our garden abounded. Our old Malay was so fond of the man Bony, as he designated the emperor, that he always placed the garden key where Napoleon's fingers could reach it under the wicket. No one else was ever favoured in the like manner; but he had completely fascinated and won the old man's heart, and Napoleon looked upon Toby with a kind of romantic interest, as one who had been cruelly wronged in his youthful career.

After these early risings he generally fasted until eleven, when he would breakfast *à la fourchette* with his suite; he usually ate very fast, but did not admire highly seasoned dishes. He preferred a roasted leg of mutton to any other English joint, and I have often seen him take the knuckle in his hand and pare off all the brown part of it.

Napoleon had some very beautiful seals and rare coins, from which he good-naturedly employed himself in taking off impressions in sealing-wax. Whilst he was thus engaged, I once mischievously jogged his elbow, and caused him to drop the hot wax on his fingers. It was very painful, and raised a large blister; but he was so very good-natured about it, that I told him I was quite sorry for what I had done; whereas, had he been cross, I should have rejoiced.

CHAPTER XV.

And thou dread statue! yet existent in
The austerest form——

Our nation's foes lament on Fox's death.

A bust delay'd, a book refused, can shake
The sleep of him who kept the world awake.

BYRON.

THE LEGEND OF FRIAR'S VALLEY.—BUST OF THE YOUNG KING OF ROME.—THE EMPEROR'S EMOTION ON SHOWING IT.—EXHIBITION OF SOME TOYS SENT BY LADY HOLLAND TO MADAME BERTRAND'S CHILDREN, ETC., ETC.

IT was not long after Napoleon had been at Longwood that chance took him in one of his rides to a romantic glen named "The Friar's Valley," a wildly picturesque spot, so called from the peculiar formation of a huge rock fashioned by nature's hands into the figure of a monk with his cowl thrown

back, dressed in flowing robes, with a rosary at his side. He forms a peculiar feature in the grotesque scenery with which great part of the island abounds; that immediately around it consisting of stupendous sterile rocks, detached by deep and frightful ravines, some rising perpendicularly many hundred feet; and here and there are seen bare masses of stone towering aloft, with flowering aloes bursting forth from fissures in their iron-coloured sides. I have endeavoured to convey, in the annexed sketch, some faint idea of this romantic though desolate-looking valley. Napoleon had heard of the legend connected with it, and asked me if I had ever seen the "Will-o'-the-Wisp," which he was told lighted the old friar's lantern. I said I had been often frightened by it, for when quite a little child, my mother, thinking the air on the mountains purer than that of St. James's Valley, gene-

rally sent me thither under the care of an old negro nurse, who resided in a little cottage directly overlooking the vale. Oftentimes would she threaten, if I did not repeat my letters correctly, to give me to the monk, who would carry me off in his lantern.

I perfectly recollect how heartily the emperor laughed at my describing the tricks I played old Sarah. I had a box of letters, which it was her daily duty to see me arrange and place in alphabetical order: my great fun was to turn them topsy-turvy, at the same time keeping them quite straight. When I placed them *properly*, I arranged them unevenly; but the dear old nurse, who did not understand a letter in her alphabet, was certain to commend me for the *neat* arrangement I had effected; but I was threatened with the friar when my lesson presented an untidy appearance, however right it might be.

The story attached to the valley was this. The place where the friar now stands was supposed once to have been the site of a Roman Catholic chapel, adjoining which was the residence of the officiating priest, a monk of the Franciscan order, who was considered an example of Christian piety and humility; his life being passed in the performance of acts of charity and benevolence, such as attending the sick, relieving the oppressed; and often did he interpose his charitable interference between the severe taskmaster and his wretched slaves, when the latter were condemned for some trifling offence to undergo fearful mutilations or the cruel lash. Thus in acts of piety this man of God pursued his way, blessing and blessed, till his senses became enthralled by the surpassing beauty of a mountain nymph, who dwelt in a cottage not far removed from the friar's lonely habitation. It was in one of

his rambles in search of some object of charity that his eyes first encountered this lovely daughter of the Atlantic isle, tending a herd of her father's mountain goats; they had strayed so far, that she had vainly tried to collect them, and was returning tired and sad to her dwelling, when, encountering the monk, she humbly told her tale, and asked his assistance. It was readily accorded, for who could resist such an appeal, enhanced by so much beauty? The scattered flock was reunited, and the young girl, gracefully acknowledging his service, with a light heart returned to her home. It would have been well for the good father had that interview been the last; but fate ordained it otherwise. Again and again he sought her mountain cot, pouring into the maiden's ear his tale of love and adoration, and finally besought her to be his bride. She promised, but on one condition only, to listen to his suit

—he must renounce his creed, and become of her faith: upon these terms alone would she consent, and until he had resolved thus to prove his devotion, must not hope to see her again. The struggle was a fearful one in the breast of the monk; but love triumphed in the end: he forsook the faith of his fathers, broke his vows, and became a renegade. In due course of time the wedding-day was fixed: the ceremony was to be performed in that very chapel which had so often re-echoed the apostate's pious prayers for his suffering flock, and the bride, accompanied by her attendant maidens, approached the altar. The service was read, and just as the bridegroom was clasping the hand of his beloved, a fearful crash resounded, the rock was rent asunder, and every vestige of the chapel, and of those it contained, for ever disappeared. In its place stands the gaunt image of the grim friar—an example

and a sad warning to those who suffer their evil passions to prevail over their better judgment.

I remember one morning seeing the emperor much moved; he had been exhibiting a marble bust of the King of Rome, which had been sent to him by the Empress Marie Louise. He took us into his bedroom to inspect it, and we were loud in our praises of the beauty of the child who could have furnished the sculptor with so attractive a subject for his classical art. Napoleon gazed on it with proud satisfaction, and was evidently much delighted at our warm encomiums upon its loveliness. My mother told him he ought indeed to exult at being the father of such a beautiful creature as that boy must be. Smiles seemed to light up his face, and my mother often said she never saw a countenance at the time so interestingly expressive of parental fondness. The bust of the

young Napoleon was the size of life, exquisitely chiselled in white marble; and on it was inscribed "Napoleon Francois Charles Joseph," &c.; it bore the decoration of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. It was sent mysteriously to Napoleon, and arrived in charge of a sailor, who had received it through the orders of Marie Louise: the sculptor resided at Leghorn, and the empress had it conveyed to the gunner of a ship bound for St. Helena (it was said), as a silent token of her regard and unchanged affection for the ex-emperor.

When we had seen and admired this treasure, Madame Bertrand invited us to accompany her and be charmed by the exhibition of a variety of presents from Lady Holland, which had been sent out and had arrived only a few days before. They offered a rich feast to my eyes; such an assemblage of beautiful trinkets I had never beheld,

and I viewed them again and again in an ecstasy of delight.

Lady Holland was very kind to Mesdames Bertrand and Montholon, especially to the former; and many were the grateful prayers I have heard her offer for the happiness of that excellent lady, who evinced such true charity in displaying so many considerate attentions, which could not but be highly appreciated under such circumstances. Napoleon, when speaking of her ladyship, always called her "La bonne Lady Holland," and expressed himself very grateful for her kindness and attention to him, when abandoned by the world in that desolate island. He remarked that all the members of the family of the great Fox abounded in liberal and generous sentiments. In speaking of that statesman he used to say, "He was sincere and honest in his intentions, and had he lived, England would not have been desolated by

war; he was the only minister who knew the interests of his country." He said he was received with a kind of triumph in every city of the French empire, and *fêted* and welcomed by all its inhabitants. Every town he visited seemed to vie with the other which should offer him the greatest honours. He related a circumstance which, he said, must have made a gratifying impression on the mind of that great man. One day Fox visited St. Cloud. The private apartments of the palace there were never shown, being exclusively kept for the use of the emperor; however, by some accident, the minister and Mrs. Fox opened one of the doors of the sanctum, and entered; there they beheld statues of the great men of all times and nations — Sydney, Hampden, Washington, Cicero, Lord Chatham, and amongst the rest his own, which was instantly recognized by his lady, who exclaimed, "My dear,

this is yours." This little incident, though trifling, procured him great attentions, and spread directly through Paris.

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CHAPTER XVI.

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight.—BYRON.

ARRIVAL OF "THE CONQUEROR."—NAPOLEON'S ABUSE OF THE ISLAND.—NAUSEOUS BON-BONS PRESENTED BY MY BROTHER TO THE EMPEROR, ETC., ETC.—HIS FIRST SERIOUS ILLNESS AT ST. HELENA.

I RECOLLECT being at Longwood one beautiful day; the atmosphere had that peculiar lightness and brilliancy which in a great measure constituted the charm of the climate of St. Helena. The sea lay glistening in the sun like a sheet of quicksilver, the little merry waves bursting in sparkling foam at the foot of the stupendous rocks, and the exquisite soft verdure immediately surrounding Longwood formed a very

pleasing contrast to the stern features of the rest of the island. It was one of those days in which the *past* and the *future* are alike disregarded; anxious thought is suspended for a moment, and the *present* alone is felt and enjoyed. I remember bounding up to St. Dennis and asking for Napoleon; my joyousness was somewhat damped by the gravity with which he replied that the emperor was watching the approach of the "Conqueror," then coming in, bearing the flag of Admiral Pamplin. "You will find him," he said, "near Madame Bertrand's, but he is in no mood for badinage to-day, Mademoiselle." Notwithstanding this check, I proceeded towards the cottage, and in a moment the whole tone of my mind was changed from gaiety to sadness. Young as I was, I could not help being strongly impressed by the intense melancholy of his expression; "the ashes of a thousand thoughts

were on his brow;" he was standing with General Bertrand, his eyes bent sadly on the 74, which was yet but a speck in the line of the horizon. The magnificent ship soon grew upon our sight, as, beating up to windward, silently yet proudly she pursued her brave career. "Sailing amid the loneliness, like a thing endowed with heart and mind," she seemed the very impersonation of majesty! Byron thought the ocean, with a single vessel moving over it, the most poetical object in nature; perhaps its utter loneliness is the cause. The thought has since occurred to me, that Napoleon might then have gazed upon that ship as typical of his own fortunes, so lordly, yet mastered, and impelled by some unseen resistless power towards that wild shore destined to be the tomb of all his hopes. Such spirits are undoubtedly sent into the world by an omniscient Providence for a beneficent

and merciful purpose; their fiery course is run; they would still urge on, but their headlong rashness may be made the instrument of their ruin, and the stern hand of death arrest them before they have tasted of that earthly glory for which they toiled; their deeds, however, still live, and become benefits to mankind.

The emperor, after a long silence, commented on the beautiful management of the vessel. "The English are kings upon the sea," he said; and then, smiling somewhat sarcastically, added, "I wonder what they think of our beautiful island; they cannot be much elated by the sight of my gigantic prison walls!" His natural prejudice against the island rendered him blind to the many beauties with which it abounded; he beheld all with a jaundiced eye: thus ever do our views of life take their colouring from our feelings and the nature of the cir-

cumstances in which we are placed. "Our eyes see all around in gloom with hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart." He would frequently rail at the island in no measured language; I always defended it in proportionate terms of praise. Sometimes he laughed at my impertinence, and at others he would pinch my ear, and ask me how I could possibly dare to have an opinion on the subject.

The emperor had that great charm in social life of being amused and interested in matters of trifling import. It seems to me to be an attribute of his countrymen, from which, no doubt, they derive that vivacity and *talent de société* generally possessed by them, but which, from our inherent reserve and national shyness, would sit awkwardly on us English. It would be something like the statue of Hercules in the National Gallery stepping from his pedestal and taking Cerito's place

in the "Pas de l'Ombre." Napoleon was very fond of extracting from me my little store of knowledge, acquired from, I fear, rather desultory reading. However, being fond of books, and having a retentive memory, I could apparently chain his interest for some hours. "Now, Mademoiselle Betsee," he would say, "I hope you have been goot child and learnt all your lesson;". which he said purposely to annoy me, as I was anxious to be thought full grown, and, like most young ladies of my age, scorned the idea of being called a child, deeming myself fully competent to embark upon the troublous sea of life, and to battle with its storms without the rudder of experience. He was much interested in a favourite study of mine, namely, the account of the discovery and colonization of St. Helena by the Portuguese, and he would listen attentively while I repeated it, for I had it almost by heart.

My young brother, Alexander, had a pet goat, of which he was very fond, and the animal used to draw him about in a little carriage. One day Napoleon had given him a little box, made by Piron, full of *bon-bons:* when my brother had eaten all his sugar-plums, and was grieving over his exhausted store, he unluckily chanced to espy a pill-box, which, with other medicines, had been inadvertently placed on a bench in the garden; he carefully put some of its contents into his *bonbonnière*, and gravely walking up to the emperor, presented it. Napoleon, always good-natured to the child, and supposing them to be sugar-plums, helped himself to one, and began eating it. I need not say how soon it was ejected, and what coughing and nausea ensued, when my little brother's mischievous trick was divulged, and it was found that pills of a very unpalatable nature had been offered to and swal-

lowed by the emperor. The poor little fellow got soundly whipped by my father, to whom his naughty conduct had been made known by Las Cases, who witnessed the joke and immediately reported it; he knew my father to be too severe a disciplinarian to overlook even a trifling fault.

My father had been suffering from a very violent attack of gout, which prevented his riding to Longwood, as was his daily habit. When he saw Napoleon after his recovery, the emperor began laughing at him, and told him if he sat a shorter time after dinner he would have fewer attacks of gout. He asked him what remedies he had resorted to to be cured. My father replied he had taken "Eau medicinale," upon which Napoleon laughingly remarked, had he drank more pure water and less wine he might have dispensed with the *eau medicinale.* He told him he was too young to want physic, as remedies

ought only to be resorted to by the old. In speaking of his own abstemious habits, he observed that he drank but very little wine; however, the little he did drink was absolutely taken medicinally, and he always found himself better after it, feeling convinced that if he left it off he should soon become ill. One of his principal specifics was a warm salt water bath. Mr. O'Meara told us that, having recommended Napoleon a dose of medicine, soon after he came to St. Helena, he answered him by a slap in the face, and told him if he were not better on the morrow he should have recourse to his own remedy—abstinence and a bath. He was very fond of asking anatomical questions, and often fancied he had disease of the heart, and made O'Meara count its pulsations. He constantly complained of illness from the exposed situation of Longwood, the wind continually beating in his face, or the sun

scorching his brain; he used to observe, when at the Briars, that he never suffered any ailment, for there he had shady and sheltered walks. Certainly Longwood was very bleak, and scarcely any vegetables would grow upon it, except a kind of coarse cow-grass, which even horses refuse.

A long interval frequently elapsed between our visits to the emperor. A few months previously to our leaving St. Helena he had been very ill, and from Mr. O'Meara's account we feared he might never rally from the state of prostration of mind and body into which he had sunk. He was obstinate in refusing to take exercise, disliking the strict watch kept over him on the occasion of his walking abroad; and he declared he would rather die at once than use the only means recommended of alleviating his disorder. Mr. O'Meara entreated permission to call in a brother surgeon, that in the

event of his complaint continuing obstinate, blame might not be attached to him for trusting solely to his own opinion. I recollect hearing Mr. O'Meara repeat the emperor's reply, which was to this effect; "that if all the physicians in the universe were collected, they would but repeat what *you* have already advised me—to take constant exercise on horseback. I am well aware of the truth of what you say, but were I to call in Mr. ——, it would be but like sending a physician to a starving man, instead of giving him a loaf of bread. I have no objection to your making known to him my state of health, if it be any satisfaction to you; but I know that he will say—*exercise.* As long as this strict surveillance is enforced I will never stir out."

It was in vain Dr. O'Meara again and again urged the subject; his invariable reply was, "Would you have

me render myself liable to be stopped and insulted by the sentries surrounding my house, as Madame Bertrand was some days ago?" It would have made a fine caricature in the London print shops—Napoleon Bonaparte stopped at the gate by a sentinel charging him with fixed bayonet. How the Londoners would have laughed! The only one of his suite who appeared careless of these restrictions was General Gourgaud; he had been stopped, Napoleon observed, fifty times. Once, when at the Briars, he said he had been treated rather unceremoniously by a sentry, and complaints being made to the admiral, that officer was really displeased about it, and took every precaution to prevent a recurrence of such annoyance.

When we saw Napoleon after this illness, the havoc and change it had made in his appearance was sad to look upon. His face was literally the colour of yellow wax, and his cheeks

had fallen in pouches on either side his face. His ankles were so swollen that the flesh literally hung over his shoes; he was so weak, that without resting one hand on the table near him, and the other on the shoulder of an attendant, he could not have stood. I was so grieved at seeing him in such a pitiable state, that my eyes overflowed with tears, and I could with difficulty forbear sobbing aloud. He saw how shocked we were, and tried to make light of it, saying he was sure the good O'Meara would soon cure him; but my mother observed, when we had left, that death was stamped on every feature. He, however, rallied from this attack, to pass nearly three more years in hopeless misery; for it became more evident to him that the anticipation in which he indulged (on first coming to St. Helena) of quitting the island, became fainter as health declined and time wore on.

The emperor expressed much curiosity to be introduced to a Mr. Manning, who had arrived at St. Helena on his voyage to England from China, which country he had visited after exploring the unknown, and at that time untravelled, kingdom of Thibet. Napoleon said he had a great curiosity to hear something relating to their mode of worshipping the Grand Lama, as he was induced to believe most of the accounts he had read and heard of it were fabulous. I described the impression Mr. Manning had made on me by his imposing appearance; his dress was like that of a Mandarin, and he wore a long black beard which reached to his waist. He had, during the war, been a prisoner in France and had been treated with great clemency by Napoleon; thus was each party anxious to see the other. Mr. Manning had brought many very curious presents for Napoleon, which

he had collected in his travels. He obtained a pass to see the emperor: he said he had been presented to the Lama, who was a very intelligent boy of seven years old; that he had gone through the same forms as the other worshippers who were admitted to the celestial presence. Napoleon asked him if he were not afraid of being seized as a spy. The traveller did not seem pleased that the emperor should have thought that his appearance could have conveyed such an impression; but he laughingly pointed to his beard and dress, and seemed much diverted with his interview. He could not think how they, jealous as they were in religious rites, should have admitted an unbeliever into their sacred temple, and have permitted him to approach the Lama. Mr. Manning said he honoured and respected all religions, as did Napoleon.

The emperor wished to know if he

had passed for an Englishman, as the shape of his nose was too good for a Tartar. Mr. Manning replied, that he had been taken for a Hindoo, which, from the regularity of his features and fine eyes, might easily have been the case. Napoleon told him that travellers were privileged to tell marvellous stories, and he hoped he was not doing so in relating the wonders of Thibet. He wanted to know if it were true that the revenues of the Grand Lama were derived from the gifts of the multitudes that daily flocked from all parts to worship at his shrine, as well as from priestly extortion. Manning told the emperor it was quite true, and complimented him upon being as well informed as the traveller himself. The Lama was subject to the Chinese; he never married, neither did his priest; the body into which, according to their belief, the spirit passed, was found out by the

priests from certain signs. Napoleon's conference with the traveller lasted some time; he asked a thousand questions respecting the Chinese, their language, customs, &c. When the interview was concluded, he observed it had given him greater pleasure than he had experienced for many long months.

CHAPTER XVII.

Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each wandering ghost.

SIR GEORGE COCKBURN'S NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.—FATAL ACCIDENT TO A SOLDIER OF THE FIFTY-THIRD REGIMENT.—THE RUNAWAY SLAVE.—EXHIBITION OF A CARICATURE, AND CONSEQUENT PUNISHMENT TO ME.

Upon one occasion, Sir George Bingham gave a grand ball to all the people on the island, as a sort of return for civilities shown to him and the officers of the 53rd regiment. It was the prettiest thing of the kind and the best one I ever remember either before or since; and as the scene of revel was close to Longwood, we were told the emperor had the curiosity to take a peep at it *incog.* I verily believe he had, from the faithful and animated

detail he entered into respecting it the next day, and his criticisms upon dancing, dress, &c. The first attempt at waltzing was made on that occasion in the Saraband, and he took off a certain young lady's graceless movements so inimitably, that we felt sure he had indulged himself with a peep.

Sir G. Cockburn had a beautiful dog of the Newfoundland breed, which was a great favourite, both from its beauty and docility. It was very fond of accompanying its noble master whenever he honoured the Briars with a visit, for the place abounded with ponds and rivulets, in which Tom Pipes delighted to swim and cool himself after following at the horses' heels up the mountain, under a sultry tropical sun. One time, as Napoleon was engaged making notes in the garden of the Briars, close to a large pond full of gold and silver fish, I called the dog to have a gambol and refresh himself with a bath, well

knowing that his custom was to shake his huge sides after ducking, and then woe betide the person nearest him whilst this operation was performing, they were sure to have their clothes completely saturated. Such was now the case; for Pipes enjoyed his bath immensely, and dived and ducked about, much to the consternation of the gold and silver fish. When he thought he had had enough, he scrambled up the bank, took his place by the emperor's side, who was so much absorbed by his employment as to be unaware of the shower-bath in store for him, and it was not until a vigorous shake of the dog, and a plentiful besprinkling all over dress and person, had occurred, that he found out the mischief of which I had been the cause. The paper on which he had written was spoiled, and he presented a very deplorable figure himself. It was impossible to help laughing, although he

was very angry, for Tom Pipes would not go away; he had been a shipmate of Napoleon's on board the Northumberland, and was so glad to see him again, that he kept jumping on him with his wet paws, thereby adding mud to wet and dust.

One morning, as we were walking, or rather scrambling, among the rocks that close in the waterfall near the Briars, we espied something hanging over the ledge of a rock above us which had the appearance of a soldier in his uniform: the height was so great, and the precipice so perpendicular, that it was an utter impossibility for us to attempt scaling it to ascertain what it could be; but still it looked so strange, and the position of the man (if man it were) so perilous, that we determined on returning to the cottage to send forth some one of bolder heart and steadier nerves than our party possessed, who might throw

a light upon the mysterious occupant of the rocky ledge. On our way we encountered Count Las Cases and the emperor, whose curiosity had also been directed to the object which had excited our attention: he had seen it from his pavilion, and was reconnoitring it with his little spy-glass, the same with which he viewed the battle of Waterloo. We asked him what he thought it could be; he looked grave, and replied we had better return to the house and remain there for a time, as we might probably be shocked at a scene which he doubted not would soon present itself. He had discovered, by the aid of his glass, that the object which had raised our curiosity was the corpse of a soldier, who must have met his death by some dreadful accident; his conjecture was soon ascertained to be too true. A soldier had obtained leave of absence the night before for a few hours, and was to have been back

by sunset. He outstayed his leave, beguiling time with some old comrades, and had perhaps indulged too freely at the shrine of Bacchus. But be that as it may, on finding he had exceeded his time, and being well aware of the severe discipline necessarily maintained at this time on the island, he had tried to reach his barrack by a short cut, missed his footing, and been precipitated over the ledge, falling from a height of at least one hundred feet. We were all in a state of the most painful excitement during the ceremony of the coroner's inquest which was held on the dead man. I recollect Napoleon did not lose that occasion of hinting to my father that, if the poor soldier had sat less time after dinner, he probably would not have met with so dreadful a fate.

About that time there was quite a chapter of tragical accidents, one of which has flashed on my mind. My

young brother had a kind of tutor, *faute de mieux*, a curious character, whose name was Huff; he had been an inhabitant of the island, I believe, at that time nearly half a century. This old man, since the arrival of Napoleon, had taken many strange fancies into his brain; among others, that he was destined to restore the fallen hero to his pristine glory, and that he could at any time free him from thraldom. All argument with this old man upon the folly of his ravings was useless; he still persisted in it, and it soon became evident that old Huff was mad, and, though strictly watched, he found an opportunity one fatal morning to destroy himself. An inquest was held on him, *felo de se* returned as verdict (for there was much method evinced in his madness), and his body was ordered to be interred in the spot where three cross-roads met. The nearest to the scene where the act was committed

was the road leading to the Briars, and there they buried the old man.

I had amongst many other follies a terror of ghosts, and this weakness was well known to the emperor, who, for a considerable time after the suicide of poor Huff, used to frighten me nearly into fits. Every night, just before my hour of retiring to my room, he would call out, "Miss Betsee, ole Huff, ole Huff." The misery of those nights I shall never forget. I used generally to fly out of my bed during the night, and scramble into my mother's room, and remain there till morning's light dispelled the terrors of darkness.

One evening, when my mother, my sister, and myself were quietly sitting in the porch of the cottage, enjoying the coolness of the night breeze, suddenly we heard a noise, and turning round beheld a figure in white—how I screamed. We were then greeted by a low gruff laugh, which my

mother instantly knew to be the emperor's. She turned the white covering, and underneath appeared the black visage of a little servant of ours, whom Napoleon had instigated to frighten Miss Betsee, while he was himself a spectator of the effect of his trick. This pleasantry of Napoleon's gave rise soon after to a ghost scene, which was enacted to the life by one of our runaway slaves, of the name of Alley: he had been missing for many weeks, and had eluded all search. Pigs, poultry, bread, all the contents of the larder nightly disappeared, no one knew how; but the servants affirmed that a figure in white was seen hovering around the valley, and skipping from rock to rock; they were so alarmed, none would venture out singly. Days and weeks went on, Napoleon's cook complaining, in common with ours, of depredations committed on his *cuisine*; and not

having the benefit of a market to replace the loss, it was a matter of no small annoyance. I firmly believed it to be Huff's ghost, and became quite ill from sleepless nights, being literally afraid to close my eyes. At length, after repeated unsuccessful watching, my father and some friends saw a figure stealing along the valley which led towards the house; they watched it uninterruptedly, until it appeared within hail, and upon receiving no answer to their challenge, they fired in the direction. A scream soon told the effect of their shot. Hastening to the spot, they beheld a negro slave, whom they discovered to be the runaway Alley. The poor boy was much hurt, though not mortally. When daylight came they repaired to his haunt, which was the most ingeniously contrived cave nature ever formed; imperceptible until you came close to it, the entrance being low, and covered

by a sheltering rock. There he had lived for weeks, close to his master, and had nightly prowled about, lightening our larders and robbing the hen-roosts.

Napoleon entered the cave with us, and seemed much diverted at the piles of bones collected and neatly arranged by the slave, after he had disposed of their various integuments. He said it reminded him of one of the catacombs in Paris.

I recollect exhibiting to Napoleon a caricature of him in the act of climbing a ladder, each step he ascended represented some vanquished country; at length he was seated astride the world. It was a famous toy, and by a dexterous trick Napoleon appeared on the contrary side tumbling down head over heels, and after a perilous descent alighting on St. Helena. I ought not to have shown him this burlesque on his misfortunes, but at that time I was guilty of every

description of mad action, though without any intention of being unkind; still I fear they were often deeply felt. My father, of whom I always stood in awe, heard of my rudeness, and desired me to consider myself under arrest for at least a week, and I was transferred from the drawing-room to a dark cellar, and there left to solitude and repentance. I did not soon forget that punishment, for the excavation swarmed with rats, that leaped about me on all sides. I was half dead with horror, and should most certainly have been devoured alive by the vermin, had I not in despair seized a bottle of wine, and dashed it amongst my assailants; finding that I succeeded in occasioning a momentary panic, I continued to diminish the pile of claret near me, and kept my enemies at bay. As the first faint light of morning dawned through my prison bars I was startled to perceive what my victory would cost my father, for I was sur-

rounded by heaps of broken bottles and rivulets of wine; and either from exhaustion, or the exhalation from the saturated ground of the cellar, I was found by the slave who brought me my breakfast in the morning in a state of stupor from which I was with difficulty aroused. My father was too happy at my escape to blame me for the means to which I had resorted to preserve myself from my hungry foes, and I was forgiven my ill-judged pleasantry to the emperor. The latter expressed regret at my severe punishment for so trifling an offence, but was much amused by my relation of the battle with the rats; he said he had been startled by observing a huge one jumping out of his hat as he was in the act of putting it on.

On a subsequent occasion I was confined during the day in the same prison that had been the scene of my nocturnal encounter. Having excited my father's ire for some mischievous trick,

and for which, in spite of Napoleon's remonstrances, I was to be condemned to a week's imprisonment, I was taken to my cell every morning, and released at night only to go to bed. The emperor's great amusement during that time was to converse with me through my grated window, and he generally succeeded in making me laugh, by mimicking my dolorous countenance. He was much surprised and amused to find me, on the third day of my imprisonment, busily employed in making myself a dress, and was more astonished still when I told him it was a voluntary act; that I had, in a fit of desperation at the dulness of my *séjour* in the cellar, begged my old black nurse, Sarah, to give me some work. I regret that my fit of industry did not survive the term of my incarceration.

The emperor advised my mother to keep the dress I had made during my imprisonment, and occasionally exhibit

it to me, when I was contemplating any rash act which might bring down a renewal of my late punishment. He always denominated it the prison livery.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Who goes there?—stranger,—quickly tell.
A friend! The word? Good night! All's well.

NAPOLEON'S TALENT FOR MIMICRY.—HIS RETIRED WALK, PLANNED BY HIMSELF.—CARDINAL RICHELIEU, ETC. —THE PICNIC.—NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE, ETC.

NAPOLEON was a tolerable mimic: one day he asked my sister if she had ever heard the London cries; on her replying she had, he began imitating them, very much to our diversion. He did it well in all, save the pronunciation of the English, which sounded very droll. My sister said she was sure he must have visited England *incog.* to have acquired them so perfectly. He said he had been much entertained by one of his buffo actors introducing the cries of London into some comedy which was

got up in Paris. Napoleon was a great admirer of Talma; he said he was the truest actor to nature that ever trod the boards. He was on very intimate and familiar footing with him. I told him I had heard he took lessons from Talma how he was to sit on his throne. He said he had been often asked if such had been the case, and that he one day mentioned the report to the great actor, at the same time remarking to him, "C'est un signe que je m'y tiens bien." He often spoke of Mademoiselle Georges, whom he represented as being very talented, and transcendently beautiful.

One morning, after having been to a ball, and being consequently very tired, I tried in vain, during one of my Longwood promenades, to find where the emperor had hidden himself. I was told he was superintending a ditch which was forming for him, that he might have a walk free from molest-

ation. Thither I bent my steps, and discovered Napoleon contemplating the work, with arms folded and downcast gaze. He said he intended having a private walk, where he could not be overlooked, and for that purpose had directed the ditch to be constructed. It was so laughable an idea, that we could not help smiling at a man's having a *ditch* to promenade in; but so it was: the work was completed soon after, and he had an unobserved walk, which, when made, we were told he never used. I think my memory in this instance has not failed me.

After the earthquake, from sitting on the steps of the verandah I caught a violent cold, and was sneezing and coughing all the morning. Napoleon said the climate was so bad, it was not to be wondered at, and that we ought to have fireplaces made at the Briars, to keep out the cold in the wintry season. I told him it would be useless,

as there were no *coals* on our island. He said we had better then burn some of the orange-trees. He was in a bad humour that morning, or he would never have affronted us so much by bidding us destroy our garden, and grub up our beautiful orange-trees to burn.

I remember one of Napoleon's favourite contemplations was the history of great men who had figured in bygone days. He told me an anecdote of Cardinal Richelieu, which impressed us much at the time it was repeated to us. It was during the days of his (I may call it) sovereignty that a nobleman, who waited upon him about affairs of importance, was ushered into his private cabinet. Whilst they were conversing together a great personage was announced, and entered the room; after some conversation with the cardinal, the great man took his leave, and Richelieu, in compliment to him, attended him to his carriage, forgetting

that he had left the other alone in the cabinet. On his return to his room he rang a bell, one of his confidential secretaries entered, to whom he whispered something. He then conversed with the other very freely, appeared to take an interest in his affairs, kept him in conversation for a short time, accompained him to the door, shook hands with him, and took leave of him in the most friendly way, telling him he might make his mind easy, as he had determined to provide for him. The poor man departed highly satisfied, and full of thanks and gratitude. As he was going out of the door, he was arrested, not allowed to speak to any one, and conveyed in a coach to the Bastile, where he was kept *au secret* for ten years; at the expiration of which time the cardinal sent for him, and expressed his great regret at having been obliged to adopt the step he had taken; that he had no cause of com-

plaint against him; on the contrary, he believed him to be a good subject to his majesty: but the fact was, he had left a paper on his table when he quitted the room, containing state accounts of vast importance, which he was afraid he might have perused in his absence; that the safety of the kingdom demanded that they should not be divulged, and obliged him to adopt measures to prevent the possibility of the contents being known; that as soon as the safety of the country permitted, he had released him; was sorry, and begged his pardon for the uneasiness he had caused him, and would be happy to make him some amends.

The Commissary-General of St. Helena, Mr. Ibbetson, was a great favourite with every one who had the pleasure of being acquainted with him. He was most amusing, and very clever. He established a theatre on the island,

and the amateur plays performed by him, assisted by the officers of the 53rd and 66th regiments stationed there, rendered the little island a scene of gaiety and continued merriment; what with the races, balls, plays, and picnics, sham fights by sea and land, &c., there was scarcely a day undiversified by some amusement or another. On one memorable occasion Mr. I. invited a large party to picnic at his house; nearly all the inhabitants St. Helena contained (who delighted in those pleasurable amusements) were there. The house was situated near the celebrated "Friar's Valley," at a great distance from any of the dwellings of the people bidden to the fête, and the roads leading thereto *must be seen* to be conceived. No language, however romantic in its flight, could impress the reader with the varied dangers and difficulties with which they abounded, and the temptation must indeed have

been great to induce a timid horse-woman to encounter them. The ride there, I recollect, was comparatively easy; the party was so delightful and the weather so charming, that time was beguiled, and the hours unnumbered stole on, till the faint echo of the Ladder Hill gun stole on our startled senses, for it told the guests there assembled that the ninth hour had struck, and without the countersign none must venture forth, unless he made up his mind to be taken prisoner, and confined for the night in the first guard house he came near. A consultation was held, and the most daring of the party declared the risk of returning home must be run. Amongst the boldest of these was my father; and, being under his command, my mother and sister, with myself, and a large proportion of the guests, mounted their horses and set forward. The night was starlight, but the road so bad and un-

frequented that, though for a long while the sentries placed about the heights were eluded, our way was lost. I shall never forget the scrambling and tumbling about, the horses' feet tripping under them every moment, over loose stones. At length my father hailed a light, which appeared at a short distance before us — a most unlucky circumstance. He was answered by a sentry presenting his musket, and demanding "Who goes there?" "A friend," answered my father. "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." But no countersign had we, and to the alarm-house we were all marched (a guard-room placed between Longwood and the Briars). We passed a wretched night in the little hole, eaten up by fleas, musquitoes, and all sorts of horrible things; but the *most* disagreeable was, the quizzing we were obliged to endure from our acquaintance, who had been wise enough to

stay at Cruise Plain, instead of being so foolhardy as to venture forth. Napoleon was highly diverted, and rather pleased with the opportunity it gave him for abusing the strict watch which was set to prevent the possibility of his escaping.

CHAPTER XIX.

Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
Pride might forbid e'en friendship to complain;
But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,
While glory crowns so many a meaner crest!

BYRON.

MY QUESTIONS TO THE EMPEROR RESPECTING THE ATROCITIES IMPUTED TO HIM AT JAFFA.—THE SONG UPON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.—NAPOLEON'S REMARKS UPON IT.—THE SCULPTOR.

THE thoughtlessness of youth, or the consciousness of being a privileged person, prompted me more than once, whilst conversing with Napoleon, to touch upon tender, if not actually forbidden, ground, and to question him about some of the many cruel acts assigned to him; *entre les autres*, the butchery of the Turkish prisoners at Jaffa, and the poisoning the sick in hospital at the same place, came one

day on the tapis. I remember well his own explanation of the latter report, which, though "an old tale and often told," may not prove the less interesting on that account, when recorded, so far as my memory serves me, in the emperor's own words.

"Before leaving Jaffa," said Napoleon, "and when many of the sick had been embarked, I was informed that there were some in hospital wounded beyond recovery, dangerously ill, and unfit to be moved at any risk. I desired my medical men to hold a consultation as to what steps had best be taken with regard to the unfortunate sufferers, and to send in their opinions to me. The result of this consultation was, that seven-eighths of the soldiers were considered past recovery, and that in all probability few would be alive at the expiration of twenty hours. Moreover, some were afflicted with the plague, and

to carry those onward would threaten the whole army with infection, and spread death wherever they appeared, without ameliorating their own sufferings or increasing their chance of recovery, which, indeed, in such cases was hopeless. On the other hand, to leave them behind was to abandon them to the cruelty of the Turks, who always made it a rule to murder their prisoners with protracted torture. In this emergency, I submitted to Desegnettes the propriety of ending the misery of these victims by a dose of opium. I would have desired such a relief for myself under the same circumstances. I considered it would be an act of mercy to anticipate their fate by only a few hours, ensuring them an end free from pain, and oblivion of the horrors which surrounded and threatened them, rather than a death of dreadful torture. My physician did not enter into my view of the

case, and disapproved of the proposal, saying that his profession was to cure, not to kill. Accordingly I left a rear-guard to protect these unhappy men from the advancing enemy, and they remained till nature had paid her last debt and released the expiring soldiers from their agony." Such is the true, and now almost universally acknowledged, version of this atrocious story. "Not that I think it would have been a crime," Napoleon observed, "had opium been administered; on the contrary, I think it would have been a virtue. To leave a few miserables, who could not recover, in order that they might be massacred according to the custom of the Turks, with the most dreadful tortures, would, I think, have been cruelty; nor would any man under similar circumstances, who had the free use of his senses, have hesitated to prefer dying easily a few hours sooner, rather than expire under the tor-

tures of those barbarians. I ask you, O'Meara, to place yourself in the situation of one of these men, and were it demanded of you which fate you would select, either to be left to suffer the tortures of those miscreants, or to have opium administered to you, which would you rather chose? If my own son, and I believe I love my son as well as any father does his child, were in a similar situation, I would advise it to be done; and if so situated myself, I would *insist* upon it, if I had sense enough and strength to demand it. Do you think if I had been capable of secretly poisoning my soldiers, or of such barbarities (as have been ascribed to me), of driving my carriage over the mutilated and bleeding bodies of the wounded—that my troops would have fought under me with the enthusiasm and affection they uniformly displayed? No, no; I should have been shot long ago; even my wounded would have

tried to pull a trigger to despatch me." It is to be regretted that the conscience of Napoleon did not prompt him to feel or say with Richard III.,

"E'en all mankind to some loved ills incline;
Great men choose greater things, ambition's mine."

There are many reasons why the worst features of this report were at first readily believed. It was consistent with Napoleon's character to look at results rather than at the measures that were to produce them, and to consider in many cases the end as an excuse for the means; besides, not three months before he had given the world a fearful example of how bloody a deed he was capable, when he considered it necessary to the furtherance of his own plans. The execution of the Turkish prisoners at Jaffa was equal in cruelty, though not in extent, to the *fusillades* of the revolution. Besides which, it was unjustifiable by the usage of war, the Turks having

given up their arms and surrendered themselves prisoners of war on condition of safety to life at least. It is true that this dreadful deed will always remain a deep stain upon Napoleon's character, but it would be uncharitable to view it as the indulgence of an innate love of cruelty, for nothing in Bonaparte's history shows the existence of such a vice. It was one of the numerous and sad results of boundless ambition, united to unlimited power. In aiming at gigantic undertakings, he forgot to calculate the waste of human life which the execution of his projects necessarily involved.

There was a lady, the wife of an officer in the 66th regiment, a Mrs. Baird, who sang and played very well; among her favourite songs was a monody upon the Duke d'Enghien. I learned this, and sang it to Napoleon one day at Madame Bertrand's. He was pleased with the air, and asked me

what it was. I showed it to him: there was a vignette on the cover of the music, representing a man standing in a ditch, with a bandage round his eyes and a lantern tied to his waist; in front of him several soldiers, with their muskets levelled in the act of firing. He asked what it meant. I told him it was intended to represent the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. He looked at the print with great interest, and asked me what I knew about it. I told him he was considered the murderer of that illustrious prince. He said, in reply, it was true, he had ordered his execution, for he was a conspirator, and had landed troops in the pay of the Bourbons to assassinate him; and he thought, from such a conspiracy, he could not act in a more politic manner than by causing one of their own princes to be put to death, in order the more effectually to deter them from attempting his life again; that the prisoner was tried for

having borne arms against the republic, and was executed according to the existing laws; but not, as here represented, in a ditch, and at night. There was nothing secret in the transaction; all was public and open.

I told him I had heard that he wore armour under his dress, to render him invulnerable, as he was continually in dread of assassination, and that he never slept two nights together in the same bed-room. He told us all these things were fabrications; but that he ever adopted one rule—never to make public his intention as to whither he meant to go five minutes before he actually took his departure, and he doubted not many conspirators were thus foiled, as they were ignorant where he was at any time to be found.

There was a sculptor named Caracchi, a Corsican, who had once made a statue of him, and who at one time had been strongly attached to Napoleon; but

afterwards having become a fanatical republican, determined to kill him. For that purpose he went to Paris, and begged to be allowed to model another statue for him, saying the first was not as well done as he could have desired. Napoleon, little thinking this man meant to assassinate him, only refused his consent because he did not like the trouble of sitting in the same posture for some days. This saved his life, as it was Caracchi's intention to have poniarded him whilst sitting.

Another time, a letter was sent to inform the emperor that a certain person was to leave at a stated time for Paris, where he would arrive on a day indicated in the letter, his intentions being to murder him. The police took measures, and watched him; he arrived on the day noted, and was seen to enter a chapel whither Napoleon had gone, in celebration of some festival. He was arrested, and expressed his inten-

tions, and said, when the people knelt down on the elevation of the host, he observed the emperor gazing on a beautiful woman. At first, he intended to advance and fire; but, upon reflection, thought it would make it surer to stab him when coming out of chapel. "I forgave the wretch, for I never liked to execute, if I could save life, and merely ordered him to be put in confinement. After leaving France for Elba, I heard that he had been ill treated by the other party at the head of affairs, and had escaped. On my return to Paris from Elba, retiring one night to my chamber, the same man somehow or other obtained entrance; by some accident he fell, and the fall caused something in his pocket, which was intended to despatch me, to explode, wounded him so severely instead, that he nearly died. I heard afterwards, that he had thrown himself into the Seine, and was drowned."

CHAPTER XX.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger; yet—farewell!
BYRON.

OUR FAREWELL VISIT TO THE EMPEROR.—EMBARKATION FOR ENGLAND.

IN consequence of my mother's health declining, from the enfeebling effects of the too warm climate of St. Helena, she was ordered by her medical adviser to try a voyage to England, as the only means of restoring her shattered constitution. The Winchelsea store-ship having arrived from China, my father took our passage on board, obtaining first, from Sir Hudson Lowe, six months' leave of absence from his duties as purveyor to Napoleon and his suite, &c.

A day or two before we embarked,

my father, my sister, and myself rode to Longwood, to bid adieu to the emperor. He was in his billiard-room, surrounded by books, which had arrived a few days before. He seemed much depressed at our leaving the island, and said he sincerely regretted the cause; he hoped my dear mother's health would soon be restored, and sent many affectionate messages to her, she being too ill to accompany us to Longwood. When we had sat with him some time, he walked with us in his garden, and with a sickly smile pointed to the ocean spread out before us, bounding the view, and said, "Soon you will be sailing away towards England, leaving me to die on this miserable rock. Look at those dreadful mountains—they are my prison walls. You will soon hear that the Emperor Napoleon is dead." I burst into tears, and sobbed as though my heart would break. He seemed much moved by the sorrow manifested

by us. I had left my handkerchief in the pocket of my side-saddle, and seeing the tears run fast down my cheeks, Napoleon took his own from his pocket and wiped them away, telling me to keep the handkerchief in remembrance of that sad day.

We afterwards returned and dined with him. My heart was too full of grief to allow me to swallow anything; and when pressed by Napoleon to eat some of my favourite bon-bons and creams, I told him my throat had a great swelling in it, and I could take nothing.

The hour for bidding adieu came at last. He affectionately embraced my sister and myself, and bade us not forget him; adding that he should ever remember our friendship and kindness to him, and thanked us again and again for all the happy hours he had passed in our society. He asked me what I should like to have in remembrance of

him. I replied, I should value a lock of his hair more than any other gift he could present. He then sent for Monsieur Marchand, and desired him to bring in a pair of scissors and cut off four locks of hair, for my father and mother, my sister and myself, which he did. I still possess that lock of hair; it is all that is left me of the many tokens of remembrance of the Great Emperor.

CHAPTER XXI.

My task is done—
Would it were worthier!

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

In concluding my brief record of Napoleon, I will spare my readers any lengthened expression of my own opinion of his character. I have placed before them the greater part of what occurred while I was in his society, and have thus given them, so far as I am able, the same means of judging of him that I myself possess. But yet, in personal intercourse, incidents occur, of too trivial or too subtle a nature to be communicated to others, but which are still the truest indications of character, from being the result of impulse, and not of premeditation. Even a look, a tone

of the voice, a gesture, in an unreserved moment, will give an insight into the real disposition which years of more formal intercourse would fail to convey; and this is particularly the case in the association of a person of mature age with very young people. There is generally a confiding candour and openness about them which invites confidence in return, and which tempts a man of the world to throw off the iron mask of reserve and caution, and to assume once more the simplicity of a little child. This, at least, took place in my intercourse with Napoleon, and I may therefore perhaps venture to say a few words of the general impression he left on my mind after three months' daily communication with him.

The point of character which has, more than any other, been a subject of dispute between Napoleon's friends and his enemies, and which will ever be the most important of all, in the esti-

mation of a woman, is, whether he furnished another proof of the "close affinity between superlative intellect and the warmth of the generous affections" (to use the words of the Rev. G. Crabbe, in his delightful Life of his Father), or whether he must be considered only as a consummate calculating machine, the reasoning power perfect, but the heart altogether absent. Bourrienne, who, although conscientious and exact in the main, exhibits no partiality to the emperor, describes him as "très peu aimant," and reports that he once said, "I have no friend except Duroc, who is unfeeling and cold, and suits me;" and this may have been true in his intercourse with the world, and with men whom he was accustomed to consider as mere machines, the instruments of his glory and ambition, and whom he therefore valued in proportion to the sternness of the stuff of which they were composed. Even

his brothers, whom he is said to have included in this sweeping abnegation of friendship, he taught himself to look upon as the means of carrying out his ambitious projects; and as they were not always subservient to his will, but came at times into political collision with him, his fraternal affection, which seldom resisted the rude shocks of contending worldly interests, was cooled and weakened in the struggle. But my own conviction is, that unless Napoleon's ambition, to which every other consideration was sacrificed, interfered, he was possessed of much sensibility and feeling, and was capable of strong attachment.*

Shortly after he left the Briars for Longwood I was witness to an instance

* As a proof of this I may mention that until a short time before his death he often spoke in the warmest manner of his old comrade Muiron, who had sacrificed his own life for him at Arcola. —E. B. J.

of the reverence with which he was regarded by those around him. A lady of high distinction at St. Helena, whose husband filled one of the diplomatic offices there, rode up one morning to the Briars. I happened to be on the lawn, and she requested me to show her the part of the cottage occupied by the emperor. I conducted her to the pavilion, which she surveyed with intense interest; but when I pointed out to her the crown which had been cut from the turf by his faithful adherents, she lost all control over her feelings. Bursting into a fit of passionate weeping, she sank on her knees upon the ground, sobbing hysterically. At last she fell forward, and I became quite alarmed, and would have run to the cottage to tell my mother and procure some restoratives, but starting up, she implored me, in a voice broken by emotion, to call no one, for that she should soon be herself again. She en-

treated me not to mention to any one what had occurred, and proceeded to say that the memory of Napoleon was treasured in the hearts of the French people as it was in hers, and that they would all willingly die for him. She was herself a Frenchwoman, and very beautiful. She recovered herself after some time, and put a thousand questions to me about Napoleon, the answers to which seemed to interest her exceedingly. She said several times, "How happy it must have made you to be with the emperor!" After a long interview, she put a thick veil down over her still agitated features, and returning to her horse, mounted and rode away. For once I kept a secret, and, though questioned on the subject, I merely said she had come to see the pavilion, without betraying what had taken place.

Napoleon, on his first arrival, showed an inclination to mix in what little

society St. Helena afforded, and would, I think, have continued to do so but for the unhappy differences with Sir Hudson Lowe. These at length grew to such a height, that the emperor seemed to consider it almost a point of honour to shut himself up, and make himself as miserable as possible, in order to excite indignation against the governor. Into the merits of these quarrels it is not my intention to enter. With all my feeling of partiality for the emperor, I have often doubted whether any human being could have filled the situation of Sir Hudson Lowe without becoming embroiled with his unhappy captive. The very title by which he was accosted, and the manner of addressing him, when contrasted with the devotion of those around him, must have seemed almost insulting; and the emperor was most *brusque* and uncompromising in showing his dislike to any one who did not please him; the

necessary restrictions on his personal liberty would always have been a fruitful source of discord; and even had Napoleon himself been inclined to submit to his fate with equanimity, it is doubtful whether his followers would have permitted him to do so. Accustomed as they had been to the gaiety and brilliancy of the French capital, their "séjour," to use their own words, on that lone island could not fail to be "affreux"; and as they were generally the medium of communication between Napoleon and the authorities, the correspondence would necessarily be tinged with more or less of the bitterness of their respective feelings. Their very devotion to the emperor would make them too tenacious and exacting with regard to the deference to which his situation entitled him; and thus orders and regulations, which only seemed to the authorities indispensable to his security, became a crime in their

eyes, and were represented to the emperor as gratuitous and cruel insults. Napoleon, too, in the absence of everything more worthy of supplying food to his mighty intellect, did not disdain to interest himself in the merest trifles. My father has often described him as appearing as much absorbed and occupied in the details of some petty squabble with the governor as if the fate of empires had been under discussion. He has often made us laugh with his account of the ridiculous way in which Napoleon spoke of Sir Hudson Lowe; but their disputes were generally on subjects so trivial, that I deem it my duty to draw a veil over these last infirmities of so noble a mind.

One circumstance, however, I may relate: Napoleon, wishing to learn English, procured some English books; amongst them "Æsop's Fables" were sent him. In one of the fables the

sick lion, after submitting with fortitude to the insults of the many animals who came to exult over his fallen greatness, at last received a kick in the face from the ass. "I could have borne everything but this," the lion said. Napoleon showed the wood-cut, and added, "It is me and your governor."

Amongst other accusations against Napoleon, some writers have said that he was deficient in courage. He always gave me the idea, on the contrary, of being constitutionally fearless. I have already mentioned his feats of horsemanship; and the speed with which his carriage generally tore along the narrow mountainous roads of St. Helena would have been intolerable to a timid person. I have more than once seen gentlemen, whose horses were rather skittish, when the emperor approached them at a rapid pace, compelled to turn and gallop rapidly for some distance before him, to their great annoyance, until they

reached an open space where they could pass his carriage without danger of their horses shying and going down a precipice. He had a description of jaunting car, to which he yoked three Cape horses abreast, in the French style ; and if he got any one into this, he seldom let his victim out until he had frightened him heartily. One day he told General Gourgaud to make his horse rear and put his fore feet into the carriage, to my great terror. He seemed, indeed, to possess no nerves himself, and to laugh at the existence of fear in others.

Napoleon, as far as I was capable of judging, could not be considered fond of literature. He seldom introduced the topic in conversation, and I suspect that his reading was confined almost solely to scientific subjects. I have heard him speak slightingly of poets, and call them *réveurs*, and still I believe the most visionary of them all was the only

one he ever perused. But his own vast and undefined schemes of ambition seem to have found something congenial in the dreamy sublimities of Ossian.

The Duchess d'Abrantes (wife to the celebrated Marshal Junot), who was intimately acquainted with Napoleon at an early age, gives him credit for much more warmth of heart than is allowed to him by the world; and brought up, as she had been, with himself and his family, she was well qualified to form an opinion of him. I think his love of children, and the delight he felt in their society—and that, too, at the most calamitous period of his life, when a cold and unattachable nature would have been abandoned to the indulgence of selfish misery—in itself speaks volumes for his goodness of heart. After hours of laborious occupation, he would often permit us to join him; and that which would

have fatigued and exhausted the spirits of others seemed only to recruit and renovate him. His gaiety was often exuberant at these moments: he entered into all the feelings of young people, and when with them was a mere child, and, I may add, a most amusing one.

I feel, however, even painfully, the difficulty of conveying to my readers my own impression of the disposition of Napoleon. Matters of feeling are often incapable of demonstration. The innumerable acts of amiability and kindness which he lavished on all around him at my father's house derived, perhaps, their chief charm from the way in which they were done; they would not bear being told. Apart from the sweetness of his smile and manner, their effect would have been comparatively nothing. But young people are generally keen observers of character. Their perceptive faculties

are ever on the alert, and their powers of observation not the less acute, perhaps, because their reason lies dormant, and there is nothing to interrupt the exercise of their perceptions. And after seeing Napoleon in every possible mood, and in his most unguarded moments, when I am sure, from his manner, that the idea of acting a part never entered his head, I left him impressed with the most complete conviction of his want of guile, and the thorough amiability and goodness of his heart. That this feeling was common to almost every one who approached him the respect and devotion of his followers at St. Helena sufficiently prove. They had then nothing more to expect from him, and only entailed misery on themselves by adhering to his fortunes.

APPENDIX.

THE following anecdotes, compiled from various sources, cannot, I think, fail to interest all who have followed me so far. The first are taken from the anecdotes of Rear-Admiral Ross, then flag-Captain on board the Bellerophon, and from Mr. Reid's Journal.

APPENDIX.

To go on with a few Recollections of Napoleon, I will state that on the 26th of July, 1815, the Bellerophon, of 74 guns, dropped anchor in Plymouth Sound, commanded by Captain Frederick Maitland, having on board one whose name will live "long as memory holds her seat," or the history of the past can interest a single student, in a word, "*Napoleon Buonaparte.*"

Most surely this was no everyday occurrence. The man who for twenty years had filled the world with his fame—who had literally a million of soldiers at his beck—who had led his devoted armies from the sandy deserts of Egypt to the ice plains of Moscow! —he who, but a brief time before, had pulled down kings and set up princes at his pleasure; who had presided over eight hundred thousand square miles of territory, one fifth part of

the inhabited world, and one half of united Europe!

That man was now a captive before Plymouth, stripped of all his power—denied the title of emperor—a diminished suite his only attendants—the deck of a British ship of war his widest liberty! Here he remained eight days, those days of soul-shaking doubt and expectation, during which time his future fate was under deliberation; and no ministry of England was ever more puzzled to know how to dispose of him, thoroughly alarmed as they were. Nights and days were passed in the greatest possible suspense, hundreds of schemes were proposed to the Prince Regent and Privy Council, and fell to the ground as fast as they were proposed, all being equally involved in one vast dilemma. Day by day, and hour by hour, all England strained ceaselessly to this focal point. Thousands of densely crowded boats assembled round his floating prison. It was here the bitter sentence of eternal separation from France, and from all that he held dear and loved, was officially communicated to him; it was here *that* indignant protest was penned, in which he so bitterly inveighed

against the "perfidy and inhospitality of England." And when on the 4th of August the tall bark faded from view, it was to bear him to that lone isle, in the far Atlantic, from which he was destined never more to return alive. Resuming in a great measure, partially, the thread of this extraordinary man's history, of this eventful but brief period of his life—we may state, on his arrival at Paris, after his defeat at Waterloo, he found ruin to his fame and fortunes staring him deeply in the face; it, perhaps, may be a bold thing to say of him that he had not the moral spirit to bear up against his misfortunes at that critical moment, and do what he ought to have done. He had Grouchy, with 40,000 troops, perhaps the flower of the French army, and devoted to him, across the Loire; whilst he could have joined, and at their head he could instantly have placed himself, had he had but the spirit to have done so. He might then have fallen bravely in combat, or have made such terms as a gallant soldier could have accepted, which indeed would have been too gladly offered him; instead of which, he first of all abdicated the throne of France in favour of his son, and

then basely fled from Paris in the middle of the night to Rochfort, in the hope of gaining a passage to America. I speak advisedly that that was his original intention; however, on his arrival he was baffled in that, there being no vessel in port that could or would take him. He well considered time with him was both short and precious, and the moment his flight was known in Paris he was satisfied he should be as instantly followed. Some of the British ships were then in sight, blockading the port and the whole coast of France, and to get on board one of those ships was his last hope of safety; this purpose he accomplished as he mounted the side of the Bellerophon.

The following are a few particulars relative to Napoleon, from the period of his arrival at Plymouth in H.M. ship Bellerophon to the time of his removal on board the Northumberland, for the purpose of being conveyed to St. Helena, together with a few sketches from recollection, necessarily indistinct from lapse of time, by an officer of the latter ship. The first appearance of Napoleon certainly did not

prepossess the beholder in his favour, nor did it alter to my mind as time passed on; his general expression of countenance bore a strong resemblance to that delineated in the numerous representations of him now universally known. During the outward passage in the Northumberland he invariably dressed in the uniform of the National Guard, but he never wore boots, which gave him the singular appearance of a man in full uniform, with an unusually large cocked hat, white small-clothes, silk stockings, and shoes with gold buckles; perhaps the peculiarity may have originated in some degree from vanity, as he had a good leg and an exceedingly small foot; his hands also were small, but plump, and were dimpled on the knuckles. I was asked a thousand times after my return home, "Well, what do you think of Napoleon? did he look like a lion, or the man that crossed the Bridge of Lodi, or fought the battle of Austerlitz?" How was it possible to answer such questions, when one considered his dejected condition, induced by misfortunes of no ordinary kind, after a splendid unprecedented career of glory, victory, and triumph, and after having fairly earned the proud title

of arbiter of the fate of kings? At one epoch of his career, indeed, there were no less than five of his brothers, friends and relations, on different thrones of Europe, viz. Joseph on that of Spain, Louis of Holland, Jerome of Westphalia, Bernadotte of Sweden, Murat of Naples, and his son of Rome, all placed there too by his indomitable arm; besides which, he had created princes, dukes, and an innumerable host of inferior nobility. How then was it possible to give an opinion of such a man, situated as he now was, a poor wretched exile, torn from all he held dear, and sent he hardly knew whither? A man with whose renown the whole world had resounded for nearly a quarter of a century, the quarter-deck of a British 74 and a small apartment his whole domain, a passenger and a captive, ignominiously borne to his last abode in this world; his reception on board the Northumberland was that of a general officer only. This was in obedience to the express orders of the Admiralty, of which he afterwards bitterly complained. Every possible attention was shown both to him and to his suite during the passage to St. Helena. The captain, Captain

Ross, and Mr. Glover, the admiral's Secretary, both gave up their cabins to the Generals Bertrand and Montholon and their families; and every officer in the ship, though she was densely crowded, having upwards of a thousand persons on board, contributed their share to the convenience of others of the suite; and no greater deference was shown by any one than by our gallant admiral, Sir George Cockburn, to whose sole charge Napoleon had been intrusted, in the most complimentary manner, by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent; for as soon as it was decided by the Regent and the Privy Council that Napoleon was to be sent to St. Helena, his Royal Highness's first inquiry was, "Where is Cockburn?" And on being informed by Lord Melville that he was in town, he instantly exclaimed, "That is fortunate; send for him and let him have the whole and sole charge of Buonaparte; give him a carte blanche to act as I am sure his own prudence and his high and honourable feelings will dictate." That confidence thus reposed was never violated, for Sir George Cockburn's attentions to the fallen emperor were incessant, and duly were they appreciated by Napoleon. He was always glad to take

the admiral's arm and walk the deck with him; and it was pleasing to see him do so, as he was always in deep conversation, and apparently more happy than at any other time; for, excepting on those occasions, he generally stood by one of the guns on the quarter-deck, or leaning against it, with the officers of his suite around him all uncovered, let the weather be what it might. Nor did I ever hear him desire them to put on their hats, notwithstanding the inconvenience felt from the wind or sun, particularly by poor old Las Cases, who always got under the lee of some one, or held his hat up by the side of his head, in the vain endeavour to obtain some relief. The outward passage might be called comparatively good, as we had little or no bad weather. Sir George Cockburn's orders were to keep the whole of the squadron at full speed, night and day. Napoleon noticed little that was going on on board, and it was before his usual hour of rising or coming out of his cabin that the ship crossed the line, therefore he did not see Neptune, who appeared in all his glory on the occasion, with the usual fun of shaving, &c., although he proposed to present the ship's

company with two hundred Napoleons as his fine, which was of course declined by the admiral. He was on deck nearly every day, and was only prevented by trifling indisposition from dining at the admiral's table two or three times during the voyage. He was quite as much at home the first day he came on board as the last; he breakfasted by himself in his own cabin, and generally came out about two o'clock, and either played at chess with General Montholon, or, if the weather was very fine, he walked the quarter-deck with the admiral. Four o'clock was the dinner-hour, and he generally retired early, either to the deck or to the after-cabin, and the evenings were enlivened either by whist or vingt'un; sometimes by conversation or reading, though of the latter there was not much; but he had a most complete and compact assortment which he called his "Field Library"; the books were well selected and packed in strong and thick leather cases, fitting over the backs and partially round the bodies of mules or horses, and when unstrapped and opened out flat on the deck had a very handsome and neat appearance. One evening he happened to take up a book from one of them

which appeared to interest him very much, and after looking over it some time he said, laughingly, he would read it aloud. It was a moral and simple tale, and it had apparently some bearing towards himself, at least from his manner I believe he thought so. It began by relating that a poor young man, of industrious habits, and a willingness to push himself forward in the world, met with nothing but misfortunes, each following the other in succession, driving him almost to madness. One day, praying for an alleviation of his misery, a good spirit appeared to him, and inquired his wants and wishes; the young man then related all his distresses, and also his willingness to exert himself for his subsistence, and bitterly lamenting at the same time his reverses. The good spirit listened patiently to his tale, and then promised him his aid, but upon one condition, which was that he should have all he required, provided he kept within the bounds of reason and strict justice, and asked for nothing unjust. The young man expressed his gratitude, and the good spirit disappeared. Well, the young man sat himself down to think and be grateful for his happiness and

good fortune; he looked around, and he considered his hut or dwelling-place was a miserable one, and thought he should like a better. His first wish was granted, as he found himself in possession of a good and comfortable abode. Happy and pleased, he then wished for more lands and grounds to cultivate—he had them—and although before this good fortune happened to him he worked hard by himself, and now, as his lands had increased, he prayed for more assistance, for horses, carts, waggons, and labourers or servants, all of which he obtained, and began to rise in the world and grow rich. He then thought it was very lonely living by himself, and he wished for a wife, who speedily appeared, and in due course children. He then thought his happiness complete; but, alas for human nature! he could not rest, for he became bold and aspiring, forgetting his early promises; and the more he wished for the more he had, although repeatedly near the brink of ruin. However, he had pretty well kept within bounds, but as he advanced in the world he became more ambitious; he was already the lord of many lands, houses, horses, carriages, and everything that could render life comfort-

able and happy, and enviable to others; but still, still he aspired to more, his good spirit occasionally reproaching him. However, at last his desires became boundless; he bought this country, and exchanged that, until he was possessed of a large territory; and being desirous of having all his property in a sort of ring fence, one of the lords his neighbours possessing lands that were in some measure intermingled with his own, he wanted to get it from him. His neighbour, however, not being inclined to part with his ancient patrimony, withstood all the demands of this now proud and arrogant lord, resisting alike his threats and attempted violence. Finding he could not succeed in forcing his neighbour out, he invoked the aid of his good spirit; the angelic messenger instantly appeared, but cast upon him such a glance that his heart quailed within him, and he sunk almost senseless to the earth. "Begone, vile wretch," cried the spirit, "and meet the fate your overbearing ambition has brought upon you; and reflect that had you been satisfied with even more than your reasonable wants you might still have been prosperous and happy! Remember too my words, 'As long as your wishes were

bounded by reason' all would have been duly granted, but, alas! your ambition has carried you beyond all bounds; therefore go and repent in an exile." After some little silence and apparent reflection on his part, "La voila," said Napoleon, "et voici je m'en vais à St. Helène."

He was generally anxious when the charts and the day's reckoning were brought into the admiral's cabin at noon, and the ship's position marked on the chart, to see it, and often expressed his astonishment at the possibility of hitting so small a spot as St. Helena with that degree of accuracy with which it was generally done. We had a lottery of a Napoleon each for the day we should arrive, which was won by Madame Montholon; but some days before we made the land, going well with the fresh wind, Sir George Cockburn told him we should make the land on such a day, naming it. On that day arriving, and after the observations at noon had been taken and worked up, the admiral told him the land would be seen that afternoon; and when we sat down to dinner Napoleon asked the admiral if he was yet of the same opinion. The admiral said yes, and

that it would be seen before we got up from table; and sure enough, just before the usual time of rising, the signal officer came in to report the land right ahead. Everybody instantly got up and went on deck, whence it was distinctly seen; and had not the weather become dark and cloudy, we should have seen it three hours before. Napoleon's astonishment was indeed great, on looking over the large chart of the ocean, to see how so small a spot could have been so accurately hit upon.

Napoleon was very communicative with Sir George Cockburn, whom I believe he courted to ask questions. As he often observed, "You have an old saying the same as we have, 'that the devil is never so black as he is painted'; and as I dare say I have been painted black enough in England, you may ask me anything you like."—"The affair of the Duke d'Enghien, and the poisoning your sick at Jaffa," said the admiral, "were considered very serious affairs."—"Bah," said Napoleon, a manner he had of expressing himself when he thought anything was simple or ridiculous, and began as follows; but mind, this was nearly thirty years ago, and the greater part

of all these remarks are from memory alone, therefore I must be allowed much latitude. He said, about Captain Wright's affair, respecting which he had been also questioned, that he knew nothing, but the fact was that Captain Wright, who had been employed upon the coast of France, was captured and supposed to have been murdered in the Temple. However, respecting the Duke d'Enghien, Napoleon said thus, and his relation was nearly as follows:—He stated it was in the year 1804, vast conspiracies were going on in Paris, and on the sea-coast, although the heart of France was quiet and content. There was a great movement in the government with the police, and although supposed to be the best in the world, they were, for a time, at fault; so much art and cunning was made use of by the conspirators, and so great was their power, that every day's information became more and more alarming; the greatest vigilance was therefore necessary, not only in Paris, but along the entire line of coast, as it was well known that spies and enemies to the French government had been repeatedly and constantly landed over from British ships of war. Indeed, from

the commencement of the war, that system had been carried on to a great extent, both by hired agents, or officers and men on both sides making their escape from those dreadful prisons. About this time a French surgeon who had been a prisoner of war in England was landed on the coast, supposed from an English vessel of war, and taken prisoner. Much suspicion being attached to him, it was soon ascertained in what capacity he came, which was that of a spy. However, nothing could be elicited from him, although the government were anxious to a degree, well knowing there was something going on in the dark. The circumstance was reported to me; I gave directions that this officer should be most strictly examined, and that if they could get nothing from him, he was to be tried in the usual way in those cases, and suffer any punishment he might deserve, if found guilty. And as death was quite certain to follow his conviction, he became most anxious to save his life by a full confession, which he did, revealing all he knew. The consequence was, that the government, having been in so great a state of excitement and alarm for some

months past, were to a degree quieted; for by means of this man's information the particulars were ascertained of one of the greatest conspiracies ever known; indeed, so formidable was it to my government, as to shake it to its very foundation, and throw the whole republic into a state of probable revolution and bloodshed, by one means and another, all arising from the information thus obtained. And from the wonderful dexterity of the police, other discoveries of the very greatest importance, causing the arrest of the greater part of the conspirators, viz. Moman, Pichegru, Georges, Castondal, and others, whose fate is well known; but there was still some others not yet discovered—men apparently of much higher importance. The facts and information already received proved there was still something to be discovered; every care and inquiry was made, and night and day the police were on the alert, not only in Paris, but by means of their emissaries throughout the whole of France, and indeed at every capital on the continent. At last it was discovered by Savary, who had been unwearied in his exertions, that a person had been repeatedly

known to have entered France from the side of Baden and to have proceeded to Paris; and as this fact was well ascertained, a sufficient force was appointed under Caulaincourt; and from information received they entered the territory of Baden, and surrounded the chateau, to which place this person had been traced. The consequence was that he was surprised and captured, and turned out to be the Duke d'Enghien. He was immediately brought to Paris, and then sent to the Castle of Vincennes; brought before a military tribunal, when the strongest possible proofs of his guilt in having been concerned with the other conspirators were produced; he was condemned and shot. After relating all this, he declared he was fully borne out in that act, so much abused by all the powers of Europe, from the position France was then in. Only so soon before his death as the 26th April, 1821, he inserted the following note in his will:—"I caused the Duc d'Enghien to be arrested and tried, because that step was essential to the safety, interest, and honour of the French peole, when the Count d'Artois was maintaining, by his own confession, sixty assassins at

Paris. Under similar circumstances I would act in the same way." He said that France had been gorged with revolutions, and the most horrible murders and bloodshed, and massacres of the most terrible description, for many years past, but that now she was in a state of comparative repose; the war was progressing favourably to the nation, provisions were in abundance, and, indeed, there was a fair hope of future happiness and peace, terms for which he would be willing to enter into at a favourable opportunity. When in the midst of this tranquillity those fresh revolutionary feelings broke out—tired and sick as the whole nation had been of former cruelties, and dreading their repetition, which must inevitably have ensued, as he was strong himself, and the revolutionists, as far as those they knew, were the first in the land, and were likely to be well backed by most of the continental powers, he thought the strongest arm he could make sure of, and the most decisive measure he could take, aided also by the power of the law, was to let the law take its course, and as the least evil of the two, to allow this execution to take place.

As it was impossible to know all the ramifications of such a conspiracy, all Paris was in a state of agitation and alarm; and indeed the whole country was the same; and to save it from the horrors of another revolution, he thought it the wisest and most humane policy, for the good of the whole nation, and to prevent such dreadful calamities from recurring hereafter, to sacrifice the few for the sake of the many; and time has shown his judgment, he said, to have been correct, as, after the execution had taken place, the nation merged into a state of internal peace and quietude, and of seeming prosperity; and however painful the act, he considered that he was fully borne out in the strong measures he had taken, although it might have been deemed the extreme of severity, but by it thousands of human lives had undoubtedly been preserved; indeed, the times and the state of the country demanded it: and had the culprit been even Louis, who was then an exile in England, there would have been no difference in his determination.

He then adverted to the circumstance of the sick at Jaffa, said falsely to have been poisoned by his orders. He acknowledged, what all the

world knew before, that he was under the necessity of marching suddenly from Jaffa; that it was impossible to remove the sick with him; and being well aware, from sad experience, of the dreadful fate that would await them if left behind,—as in the course of their march through Egypt he had witnessed the dreadful and atrocious cruelties on such of his troops as had unfortunately fallen into the hands of the Turks or Arabs; many of his finest soldiers had been found by the rear-guard dead in the desert, nearly devoured by birds of prey and ravenous animals, not killed outright, but mangled and left to die in the greatest possible torture; some had been found with one knee hacked through, another with a leg chopped off, others hamstrung, their eyes dug out and filled with the hot sand of the desert, others with their fingers and other parts of their bodies cut off and crammed down their throats; and all these and many other equally shocking barbarities in the wild desert, without covering or water, and under a burning sun;—therefore he gave out a public statement of these facts, calling upon the medical board of the army to give their opinion,

whether it would not be more humane to remove those poor unfortunate fellows by a slow and quiet death, than to leave them to the horrible tortures so many of their brother soldiers had endured, with the certainty of dying by lingering torture. The affair was soon concluded. A medical board was immediately held, and all these statements laid before them—which was hardly necessary, as all these facts were well known throughout the army.

Their report was given in, and although agreeing in the humanity of the proposition, it was to a certain degree repugnant to their feelings; but they stated, that if the general could leave a rear-guard in the hospital for twenty-four hours, or perhaps for a less period of time, the disease under which they laboured, which was the plague, would ere long remove them for ever from this world without his incurring the horror of having accelerated their death. The general accordingly gave orders that this should be done. In consequence, a strong guard was left with these poor unfortunate men for their protection; and at the end of the twenty-four hours, this

rear-guard rejoined the army with the report of their deaths—which was, as far as numbers went, fully corroborated by Captain Beattie, then serving on board the Northumberland in the Royal Marines; he having fought at Cairo and in other parts of Egypt. Moreover, Captain Beattie's statement cleared up one great point with reference to Buonaparte—as it had been reported, and was currently believed all over the world, that this monster, Buonaparte, had poisoned all his sick, amounting to between three and four hundred men,—whereas it is clearly ascertained that not one of his men had ever been put to death by poison or in any other manner, nor were there actually more than ten or twelve dead bodies altogether in the whole hospital.

His first impressions of St. Helena may be thus detailed in the words of Dr. O'Meara, from "A Voice from St. Helena."

"On his way up (to Longwood) he observed a neat little spot called the Briars, situate about two hundred yards from the road, belonging to a gentleman named Balcombe, who, he was informed, was to be his purveyor, and appeared pleased with its romantic situation.

. . . . Upon his return from Longwood, Napoleon proceeded to the Briars and intimated to Sir George that he should prefer remaining there until the necessary additions were made to Longwood, to returning to town, provided the proprietor's consent could be obtained. This request was immediately granted. The Briars is the name of an estate, romantically situated about a mile and a half from James Town, comprising a few acres of highly cultivated land, excellent fruit and kitchen gardens, plentifully supplied with water, adorned with many delightful shady walks, and long celebrated for the genuine Old English hospitality of the proprietor, Mr. Balcombe. About twenty yards from the dwelling-place stood a little pavilion, consisting of one good room on the ground floor and two garrets, which Napoleon, not willing to cause any inconvenience to the family of his host, selected for his abode. In the lower room his camp bed was put up, and in this room he ate, slept, read, and dictated a part of his eventful life. Las Cases and his son were accommodated in one of the garrets above, and Napoleon's premier valet de chambre and others of his household slept

in the other, and upon the floor in the little hall opposite the entrance of the lower room. At first his dinner was sent ready cooked from the town; but afterwards Mr. Balcombe found means to get a kitchen fitted up for his use. The accommodations were so insufficient, that Napoleon frequently walked out after he had finished his dinner, in order to allow his domestics an opportunity of eating theirs in the room which he had just quitted.

"Mr. Balcombe's family consisted of his wife, two daughters, one about twelve and the other fifteen years of age, and two boys of five or six. The young ladies spoke French fluently, and Napoleon frequently dropped in to play a rubber of whist or hold a little conversazione. On one occasion he indulged them by participating in a game of blind-man's buff, very much to the amusement of the young ladies. Nothing was left undone by this worthy family that could contribute to lessen the inconveniences of his situation. A captain of artillery resided at the Briars as orderly officer, and at first a sergeant and some soldiers were also stationed there as an

additional security; but upon a remonstrance being made to Sir George Cockburn, the latter, convinced of their inutility, ordered them to be removed.

"Counts Bertrand and Montholon, with their respective ladies and children, General Gourgand and myself, lived together at Mr. Porteous's, where a suitable table in the French style was provided by Mr. Balcombe."

Count Montholon's account of the circumstances which led to the occupation of my grandfather's house by the illustrious exile is almost precisely similar, I therefore do not quote them.

It was well known that Buonaparte was a great admirer of beauty, and the references to my mother's appearance while still a child abundantly illustrate this, as will be seen in Dr. Barry O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena," and in Count Montholon's Memoirs. Her family were in constant intercourse with him after his departure for Longwood.

"He said that Count Montholon had met Madame Sturmer (a noted beauty), and found she was not so handsome as Betsy (Miss E.

Balcombe); that she had la tournure d'une grisette."

Again, "Mr. Balcombe had two amiable daughters, Eliza Jane and Betsy. The latter in particular was a charming girl, and spoke French well; she was then about thirteen years old."

I remember also being delighted by a little incident which occurred when I was a child. Admiral Sir Thomas Baker had been very kind to the French Admiral Villeneure after the boarding of the Didon frigate, and had contrived to alleviate the tedium of that hero's captivity by many acts of kindness. At their parting Villeneure gave him the only token he could offer, a small paste brooch of the kind worn years ago to fasten the stock or cravat. This ornament was highly prized by Sir Thomas, but I recollect that on one occasion, after talking with my mother of the old days of St. Helena, he took out the brooch and offered it to her, saying with all the courtliness of the old school: "I received this from a hero, and I give it to a heroine," a graceful allusion to my mother's history, which simply delighted me.

I may here state that no thoroughly authentic likeness of her can be inserted in this book, as the only good one is in Australia. The sketch of her which appears here indicates a wish to present her as nearly as possible to the reader, for, as she could never be induced to sit formally to any one, all artists laboured under much difficulty in trying to pourtray her.

The following details, many of which we extract from the newspapers of the day, cannot fail to interest. Certainly in this case the caged lion was stronger than the free dog. We translate the majority verbatim from the *Courier de Londres* for October, 1816, and subsequent dates :—

"Friday, October 18th, 1816.

"Buonaparte is often in a bad humour, very seldom contented. The furniture which has arrived from England, however, pleased him greatly. Of late he has shown much interest in the ice-making machine. People are becoming accustomed to his presence, and ere long no one but strangers will pay much

attention; they, however, do all they can to see him.

"He is very anxious to hear all the foreign news, but visitors are under such strict surveillance, that he cannot gain much information from them. His personal suite seem to harass him, and were he alone he would perhaps be better disposed towards his guards. Buonaparte and Sir Hudson, however, do not agree well. The deputies of foreign powers have not yet been received; he will only give them audience as private individuals."

"October 25th.

"The *Morning Chronicle* hints at the arrival of a vessel from St. Helena, and states that only one person was allowed to disembark from it. He was, it is said, charged with despatches of so important a character that they have been at once communicated to the ambassadors of the various powers who have deputies in that island."

The *Times* mocks at this, and adds:—"The vessel reached Portsmouth last week, and the news, whatever it be, has been long since communicated to the Government, and to the

ministers of the allied powers. No Cabinet Council has been held, and absolutely nothing has transpired.

"Could this have been the case if the arch-fiend (démon du mal) had escaped? Could this knowledge have been kept from every one?

"Nevertheless, the escape of Buonaparte, considered reasonably, is not improbable. Just as no port was ever perfectly blockaded, so a prisoner, who has such an amount of liberty in an island where balls, fêtes, and theatricals go on every night, could never be totally unable to escape."

"October 29th.

"The Minstrel, coming from Bengal, has dropped anchor in the Thames. She touched at St. Helena, left on the 30th, three days after the Termagant, which arrived a fortnight ago; as the latter sailed, the usual signal was hoisted to announce that Buonaparte was safe and sound. Report states confidently that Buonaparte has received secret letters from France.

'A straw shows
How the wind blows.'"

The *Imprimeur du Roi* says :—

"The principle which armed Europe against the tyranny of Buonaparte should take the same course to prevent the usurpations of Great Britain, in order to preserve continental nations from a tyranny worse than his."

"December 17th.

"Letters from St. Helena, dated the 13th November, announce that Buonaparte is confined to his apartments by severe cold.

"A Pole, named Pownatowski, whose conduct has aroused grave suspicions, has been removed from Buonaparte's suite and sent to the Cape of Good Hope, where the governor, Lord Charles Somerset, has ordered him to be closely watched.

"The English journals of last evening state that the Pole had tried to alienate the fidelity of the garrison.

"Lucien Buonaparte has received orders to quit Rome and retire to his country-house at Frascati."

Another pleasing incident which has been briefly alluded to by my mother, and which

will be found in most biographies of Buonaparte, has been so well given by Count Montholon, that I cannot do better than describe it in his words ("History of the Captivity of Napoleon," Vol. I., pp. 163—165).

"Among the number of slaves employed by Mr. Balcombe, there was an old Malay, who had been carried off from his country many years ago by an English captain, who probably required his services to replace those of a sailor, dead or fallen sick, and who availed himself of the opportunity of meeting with a boat belonging to Malay fishermen to get a slave without purchase. This transaction would, however, have proved dangerous in England: in spite, therefore, of his legal protest, he sold him as a slave during his stay at St. Helena.

"The history of the poor man interested every one except his purchaser, who praised him merely for performing the severest labours, so as to enhance his value. The eldest daughter of Mr. Balcombe seeing him one day carrying a heavy burthen from the town, having learned the story of his misfortune, and the bitter grief he felt at being separated from his

children, conceived the idea of obtaining his liberty and sending him back to his home.

"This was very difficult to accomplish; but that which the young and beautiful wish they generally succeed in effecting. Mr. Balcombe promised to give him his freedom, and in order to effect it by degrees, began by paying the old Malay a fixed sum every year, imposing upon him only the slight labour of taking care of a small garden. The emperor frequently finished his evening in the drawing-room of Mr. Balcombe's cottage, either taking part in a game of whist, or listening to Creole anecdotes from the two sisters, who emulated each other in efforts to be agreeable to their guest.

"The younger of the two, who was very pretty, and as mischievous as she was beautiful, knew that she might say or do anything she liked, and, like all petted children, used her power to the full. She resolved to induce the emperor to buy the Malay, and after her own fashion related to him her protégé's history.

"'I won't love my father' (so she began one evening), 'because he doesn't seem to keep his promise, but I will love you very much if

you will restore poor Toby to his poor children; do you know that he has a daughter just my age and very like me?'

"She soon succeeded in interesting the emperor, and as it was always a delight to him to find the chance of doing a kind action, he eagerly seized the opportunity of securing pretty Betsy Balcombe's proffered love. He therefore assured her that he would next day give orders for the purchase of the slave, and would request the admiral to send him home when an occasion presented itself. The purchase, however, was not in the emperor's power; other formalities than the mere payment of a sum of money were necessary, and in the way of their accomplishment lay serious and irremovable obstacles. The emancipation, therefore, never occurred, the sole reason being that the emperor was credited—most unjustly so, I think—with a political purpose."

"St. Helena, 31st July, 1816.

"As we do not expect to sail till the evening, I will employ the interval in digesting the notes respecting Buonaparte, collected from Captain O'Brien and Lieutenant Scott (my fellow pas-

sengers), immediately after they had dined with the admiral, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who is much more intimate with him than any other person on the island.

"He is busy writing his life, which, he says, will occupy him four years; though, added he, in his laconic and forcible manner, it might be comprised in a few words: For, 'at twenty-four I commanded an army—at thirty I ruled over France—and at Moscow I ought to have died. But I do not think I can live above three years here.' On which the admiral promptly remarked—'Remember, Sir, by your own account it will require four to write your life.'

"He says he surrendered to the English only, who had a right to dispose of him as they thought fit, but not to their allies,—'a parcel of petty emperors,' as he styled them; whom he lately had under his thumb! To mark his displeasure towards them, he has not yet admitted any of their ambassadors into his presence.

"He constantly blames us for sending him to St. Helena, and says he would much rather have been confined in the Tower of London, with liberty to walk upon the house-top. But

in so saying, he is very inconsistent; for he has repeatedly declared to the admiral that he would never give his parole to any one. Conversing, as he frequently does, upon this subject, he once jocosely asked Sir Pulteney if he thought it possible for him to escape? The reply was worthy of a British admiral—'I do not know what you may be tempted to do on shore, Monsieur, but keep away from the sea, for that is my province.'

"He has allowed Sir Pulteney to question him on very delicate subjects, and bears contradiction better than he expected. He defends his conduct in suggesting the administration of opium to his sick at Jaffa, from the utter impossibility of saving them from the Turkish sabres. He acknowledges having ordered the Duc d'Enghien to be shot, because he was at the head of a conspiracy against him. He disavows all recollection of Captain Wright's case, and does not believe it ever came before him in any shape.

"He admits the Duke of Wellington to be a good general, but will not allow old Blucher to be more than a mere hussar. He says he lost the battle of Waterloo from two causes—

the treachery of one of his generals, and from his cavalry charging too soon.

"He blamed Lady Lowdon for her indelicacy in wishing him to descend into the valley merely to see her, when she knew he must in such case be attended by an officer and two troopers. He offered to meet her at his picket, but this she declined.

"As to his way of life, he has a tolerable house and garden, which are undergoing improvements, and has a circle of three miles in which he can ride or walk about unattended. If he pass that circle, an officer and two soldiers attend him. He reads or writes till four in the afternoon, seldom seeing any one before that hour. Of late he has disused horse exercise, and generally takes a short drive in the evening in a barouche, with some of his suite, and occasionally some English ladies have accompanied him. His temper is capricious, and frequently sullen, and he is supposed to live on very indifferent terms with those about him. He makes them still call him Emperor, and remain uncovered in his presence. Our government orders are to call him general, to which he objects, and

with reason, I think; for in so doing we degrade him below one of his own generals, whom we call 'marshal' (Bertrand). The admiral calls him plain Monsieur, to which he has never objected. He is now very difficult of access to what he was, and seldom sees any one of inferior rank, observing that he has not come here to be made a show of; and that when he gives up his dignity he will be no more than a common man."

"September 1, 1817.

"Returned from a visit of ten days to my cousin General Beatson; when Sir Pulteney Malcolm, happening to dine with us, furnished me with the following additional anecdotes of Buonaparte.

"He remarked very justly, upon reading an account of the riots occasioned by Hunt, Waitman, and others, that 'ces choses là' were of much service to the ministers of our government by furnishing them with pretexts for strengthening their power, and that in the formation of a new constitution, he should like nothing better than having such fellows to deal with.

"Having praised the English income-tax, and blamed our ministers for relinquishing it, Sir Pulteney asked him how *he* could judge of the goodness of such a tax. To which Buonaparte instantly replied, in the most characteristic manner, 'Because every one complained of it; all must have paid it, and therefore it must have been an excellent tax!'

"He exculpated Marshal Soult from the suspicion of having, in the distribution of the troops, had an eye to his escape from Elba; not a soul being acquainted with the part of France he meant to land at. He justly dwells upon the success he met with upon that occasion as the most remarkable occurrence of his life."

"Sir Pulteney thought the saying, lately recorded in the newspapers, of Buonaparte to Lord Amherst, on the failure of his lordship's mission to China, to be highly probable, for his language at times is very coarse, resembling that in vogue among soldiers in their barracks. I was much surprised to hear, after this, that he seldom traduced the character of any one.

"He said, the man who commits suicide is a great fool, and that he had no intention of ever doing so.

"He has some old prejudices, such as an aversion to physicians, but a liking for surgeons—a dislike to the engineers, but a liking for the artillery—he hates the superior not the inferior orders of the clergy.

"He continues to complain of our sending him to St. Helena, being willing to pass the rest of his life in a cottage in England. 'But,' said Sir Pulteney, 'you would not be contented with the cottage long, you would be desirous of engaging in war again.' 'Non, non, je suis bien tranquille je vous l'assure.' 'Oui, Monsieur, vous êtes tranquille *ici*, mais par necessité.' He only smiled. He has now, I believe, given over all hopes of escape from St. Helena, but cherishes the idea of some change occurring in the government of Europe which may induce his recall. He admits, however, that unless such an event take place soon, the energies of his mind and body will be gone.

"He took a very friendly leave of Sir Pulteney, who advised him, as the means of

rendering his stay on the island more agreeable, to keep on better terms with Sir Hudson Lowe; but Buonaparte replied it was impossible, for that the governor was so disagreeable a man, that he should be sure to quarrel with him again in a week."

In the "Instructions to my Executors," dated April 26th, 1821, Napoleon says: "The following are the only sums which I am aware that Monsieur Lafitte has paid on my account:—First, 100,000 francs to Count Las Cases; second, 20,000 francs to General Lallemand the elder; third, 72,000 francs to Balcombe, on a letter of credit from Count Bertrand."

With regard to the last item, it would be unjust to my grandfather's memory not to remark that not a sous of this money was ever received. That in no case would it have been accepted, the following anecdote more than satisfactorily proves.

When the delicacy of my grandmother's health necessitated a departure from St. Helena, Buonaparte, wishing in some way to mark his sense of gratitude, pressed upon my

grandfather a blank cheque, which he requested him to fill up to any amount.

My grandfather took it reluctantly, not liking to refuse, yet never intending to make any use whatever of it. When on board the ship which was to carry them to England, he took out the cheque and showed it to my grandmother as they were leaning over the bulwark. She took it in her hand, glanced at it, and then without a moment's hesitation tore it into pieces and tossed the fragments into the sea. This was the fate of the kindly intended gift.

I may as well mention that my grandfather's visit to England was contrary to the advice of his wife and of all his best friends. His return to England was preceded by letters from Sir Hudson Lowe, in which he insinuated that my grandfather's attachment to the Emperor was so strong that his return to St. Helena would be scarcely advisable. The Government acted upon these suggestions, contrary entirely to the opinion of George IV., then Prince Regent, who made the fullest inquiries into all the circumstances, and being convinced by Sir George Cockburn that my

grandfather's loyalty was as strong as ever, sent him out to Australia as Colonial Treasurer of New South Wales and all its dependencies—a gift which he did not live long enough to enjoy, dying at the early age of 47. Count Bertrand, writing after Buonaparte's death, says (to my grandfather), "Nothing now prevents your return to St. Helena but the grave of the Emperor."

Count Montholon thus concludes his story of Buonaparte's last hours: "As the sun was setting (May 5th, 1821), the Emperor quitted this earthly life, and I lost more than a father. I piously fulfilled the duty which his kindness confided to me: I closed his eyes."

APPENDIX TO THE THIRD EDITION.

HAVING lived during the greater part of my life hitherto in what may be called a Buonapartist atmosphere, I have gathered with hands of deep attachment all the traditions of that famous and meteor-like family. It has therefore been suggested to me by those most competent to advise me, and most conversant with the requirements of the public, that I should add to these recollections of their famous brother and uncle what few memories I preserve of Joseph Buonaparte, for a short time King of Spain, and of the great man, the man of the age pre-eminently, who, after a career chequered with incident and excitement of the wildest kind, has so recently gone from us.

To those who knew my mother it will not

seem that, in recalling memories of Joseph Buonaparte, I am searching far into the misty past; but as my memory must be judged by my youth at the time, I will only say that it seems a long while to me, though in reality it is but a few years ago. Being an only child, I was always with my mother, and the sole circumstance which separated us was her death. Hence it was that, at an age when most children are under the care of governesses, I was permitted to sit in the drawing-room, while my mother received visitors, or to accompany her when she paid calls.

How well I remember going with her to see Joseph Buonaparte, then in England, after a sojourn in America. Then it was that I enjoyed the keen pleasure of hearing her really exquisite and remarkable beauty so highly commended by one whose name gave him a special interest in my thoughts.

Well do I recollect the deep interest displayed by him in my mother's account of the great man's life in exile—his grateful thanks for any kindness which had been shown by her family to Buonaparte. He showed moreover the kindest sympathy with the misfortunes which

attended my grandfather's ultimate dismissal from St. Helena for having been too devoted to the captive (in all innocence and loyalty to his own sovereign and country be it said). Joseph Buonaparte inquired most kindly after the various members of my mother's family then in the colonies, and manifested (as the Buonaparte family has ever done, so I am proud to think) a deep interest in our fortunes and misfortunes.

This interview seems to me to have been indefinitely prolonged, for childhood takes little note of time; towards the end of it I recollect his taking from his own hand a magnificent cameo ring, which he placed upon my mother's finger, observing that he had always worn it, but had now only too much pleasure in bestowing it upon one who had herself displayed such affection for his race, and whose family possessed so strong a claim upon the Buonaparte family. I need not describe the cameo, of which a sketch is elsewhere given, and will only add that it was found by one of the soldiers in a pyramid visited by the French troops during their occupation of Egypt in 1801.

I was seated upon Joseph Buonaparte's knee at the time, and remember that he gave me a token, which at the time I admired far more than the ring. This was a gold Napoleon, bearing his portrait; it had been coined during his sojourn in Spain, brief and strange as that of Amadeus. We then bade him farewell. I never saw him again.

My chief recollections, however, are connected with Prince Louis—so we invariably styled him in those days—removed alike by a distance that cannot be gauged by time, from the brilliant glories of the Tuileries, and from the disasters of Sedan. The future emperor was then residing in King Street, St. James's, and was but little known to the general world. This was a short time before the affair of Boulogne. Prince Louis used at that time to pay long morning calls at my mother's house (we were then residing near Portman Square). He always came in his cabriolet, and I remember noticing his absent manner. He would sit for more than a quarter of an hour at a time without speaking, reflecting, so he said, upon the recent conversation. It was during this time that he was constantly at Gore House,

where Lady Blessington resided. By the way, another of the habitués of those celebrated salons in whom my mother was almost equally interested has won almost equal distinction. I mean Mr. Disraeli, who, as a mere youth, charmed my mother by his great personal grace, and the wonderful talent he displayed; she always watched his progress to the highest pinnacle of state with the deepest interest.

At our house Prince Louis's conversation invariably took one direction, that of St. Helena, a topic interesting to each for different reasons: to the one from possessing the attraction (felt more keenly as age approaches) of turning over the—in this case unblotted—pages of the past, and to the other, prematurely old, that of dipping

Into the future far as human can see.

Whether in this view the eye of either saw glory at first and disaster afterwards, almost as great as those which fell to the lot of the subject of their conversation, I know not. Who of us, even if warned beforehand, would not tread the path which circumstances and

his own will have traced for him? Who would not surrender

> The pond with all its lilies for the leap
> Into the unknown deep?

If, as Goethe says, "there is no chance," perhaps the train of reflection thus provoked had some influence in forging the chain of after circumstances. Who knows?

In one topic Prince Louis was engrossed even more than in the repetition of the tiniest and most trivial incidents which marked the sojourn at St. Helena. This was the personal appearance of his great illustrious uncle. Did he resemble him in any point? Was not his general style the same—if not his features, at least the mould of them? Had he not the same manner, the same type, if not the same air?

Questions like these were, I fear, mutually unsatisfactory, for they only embarrassed the one and failed to content the other.

All who knew my mother will remember that she spoke out resolutely what she thought honestly, never sparing herself, and only grieved when compelled to disappoint others. She, however, could only reply in the negative

by telling him plainly that in no respect did he resemble his illustrious uncle.

He always seemed to be disappointed, yet always recurred to the subject after a short time.

If his eyes were not like, was not his figure, his height—well, his hair? To the last query alone could my mother reply in the affirmative, for the hair, which was in the first emperor's case (as is elsewhere stated) remarkably fine and silky, to a degree that caused it to look thin, was with Prince Louis really so. By brushing it up high from his forehead the latter succeeded in obtaining some slight resemblance to his uncle, and so my mother told him.

Prince Louis always seemed pleased with even this slight likenesss, and my mother was only sorry to be unable to tell him more without sacrificing the truth.

The following incident will also illustrate Napoleon III.'s readiness to do little acts of kindness. It was, I think, in 1849 that a lady, who intended holding a stall at a bazaar originated by Lady Morley in aid of one of the Devonport charities, applied to my mother to

ask for some autographs of the then President. My mother wrote to Prince Louis and received at once several most interesting autograph notes, not the usual signature, but charming little comments upon men and things. I have forgotten the topics with one exception, that was a parallel between the English and French character noting points of agreement and of difference. All these notes were, so I well recollect, purchased by one lady, whose name I cannot recall. If it were possible to do so, and by this means to recover possession of any of them, I should be only too glad, but I fear that no such chance exists. Then came the fiery coup d'état, which I pass by as a blotted page in cotemporary history, and one never perhaps fully to be deciphered; and next the Second Empire, the splendid rule at the Tuileries, the Imperial marriage, and the sway of the gentle, kindly, lovely lady whose beauty, virtues, and misfortunes have so often suggested the history of Marie Antoinette. It is always pleasant to be able to respect where you admire, and were no other proof of her goodness and nobility forthcoming, as could never be the case, it would still be a delight to

me to recall to memory the deeds of the Empress Eugénie at Amiens.

It was at this time that my mother, who was, it was always understood, to be the honoured guest of the empire at the Tuileries, should she again visit Paris—which she never did—seemed to become a little weary of the monotony of English country life, for which perhaps she, who like Ulysses had "become a part" of all that she had seen, was somewhat unfitted, bethought herself of interesting the emperor in her favour.

She had tasted too deeply all the pleasures which attend one whose life has been full of event, and whose advantages of character and disposition enable him to enjoy them to the full, not to look forward to the prospect of returning to the world. Moreover, though loved and cared for with the utmost generosity and affection by my husband, she would still have liked to possess some post of independence, for her own unrewarded generosity to a member of her family, who was well able to requite her as she deserved, had placed her in a position which would have made the possession of such a post pleasant to herself and gratifying to the

feelings of any true woman. She accordingly wrote to the emperor and requested, in terms too vague (as my husband told her) to be worth anything, that he would remember her. The following letter, which I translate, was accordingly vouchsafed :

Palais des Tuileries, 30 Octobre, 1852.
Cabinet de l'Empereur.

MADAME,—L'empereur a reçu avec intérêt votre lettre du seizième de ce mois. Mais en la lisant S. I. M. a fait la remarque que vous ne désignez pas l'emploi que vous désirez obtenir. Je suis chargé d'avoir l'honneur de vous prier de vouloir bien le préciser. Veuillez agréer, Madame, l'assurance de mes sentimens respectueux,

ALBERT DE DELONA,
(Le Souschef du Cabinet de l'empereur.)

MADAME LUCIA ABELL, (JADIS BALCOMBE.)

[TRANSLATION.]

Palace of the Tuileries, October 30th, 1852.
Private Secretary's Office.

MADAM,—The emperor has received yours bearing date the 16th instant. On reading it, however, His Imperial Majesty remarked that

you had failed to state precisely what office you desire.

I have therefore the honour to ask you to be good enough to state definitely in what way we may serve you, and remain, madam,

Yours most respectfully,

ALBERT,

Assistant Secretary to His I. Majesty.

At the time of the emperor's marriage, when another application might have been made, and possibly with success, it was found that all the offices in the empress's household were occupied by French and Spanish ladies; many of them being old friends or relatives of Her Imperial Majesty.

My mother's influence was used again upon two occasions: once, to secure the appointment of court milliner for a protegée of her own—which was graciously granted; on the other occasion, to obtain land in the colony of Algeria, whither many were then going. A gift of a thousand acres of the best of land, in the fertile province of Constantinete, was at once granted to her. If I may be allowed to generalize from these

premises, I would state that in our case, as in instances which I could enumerate fully, no one who ever did a good turn to the third Napoleon failed, if only his need were known, to receive an adequate reward, and have it offered, moreover, in the graceful and princely way which makes the recipient seem the benefactor — the crowning grace of generosity.

A last and to me most melancholy pleasure was the receipt of the following letter, on the occasion of the notification, by means of letter, of the death of my mother, who, marching almost with the years, had in the course of her honoured and honourable life witnessed the rise and fall of the first Napoleon, the marred and vilely cut off career of the second, and the most strange, eventful history of the late emperor.

This letter is dated

Chislehurst,
15th July, 1871.

MADAM,

It was with feelings of deep regret that I received your letter announcing the death

of your mother, and I beg you will accept the assurance of my sympathy with you in the affliction and sorrow which this event must cause you.

Believe me, Madam,

Yours truly,

Ah, me! "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

I am an Englishwoman, and all through my life have taken some interest in politics, never more fully than at times when our affairs and those of France have touched each other (like the circles in Euclid), without cutting. Just as the late emperor was in private affairs a firm friend, so in public matters was he a true and trusty ally. His career is too fresh for us, and, above all, the sun of another success is too hot for those of us who are not eagles by nature, to look upon it without being dazzled. A huge planet has arisen and glows fiercely. Shall I be accused of prejudice if I hope that either it will not turn out to be a mock sun,

or that comet-like it may not burn? May I be pardoned if

> While others hail the rising sun,
> I bow to him whose race is run?

May I say that the true history, as distinguished from the War Report (though even witness the affair of Portalier—I do not implicitly believe in that), of the war of 70-71 has yet to be written?

I will not look into the future and see the day when

> Another—Paris—shall arise,
> And to remotest time
> Bequeath like sunset to the skies
> The splendour of her prime.

I will not predict the growth of a new empire-germ which shall hereafter thrust fruit-laden branches out to lend shadow to a glorious future. I will only remember that my family ever loved the Buonaparte dynasty, that the first Napoleon loved us, and that we loved and love his nephew and his grand nephew for their ancestor's sake, and of that nephew I will ere concluding add only one fact.

When, in 1857, England's heart was torn by

fears of a worse than servile war, when horrors occurred which I pray God may never again stain the world's history—when, in a word, the Indian Mutiny broke out; for the first time, so far as my history tells, a foreign sovereign did us a gratuitous kindness in setting aside all quarantine laws and all postal regulations, in placing his whole means of transport, his machinery of government, his country at our disposal, and that sovereign was the nephew of the exile of St. Helena, Napoleon the Third. Requiescat in pace!

THE END.

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